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The Week

THE Russian situation demands immediate action on the part of the Entente Allies, particularly on that of the United States. We cannot allow German penetration of Russia to continue unchecked, and we must make every effort to make Russia a strong force ready to resist our common foe. This, however, cannot be accomplished against the wish of the Russian people. The great mass of the Russian people are now governed by an unusual public authority called the Soviets. The Soviets are not elected on the basis of universal suffrage, yet they enjoy the unqualified confidence of the workingmen and peasants, who are the overwhelming majority of the Russian nation and who alone can make a vigorous resistance to German invasion, once they realize that this is the only way to save the fruits of their Revolution. A wise policy on the part of the United States would be, not to alienate the Soviet Government, but by active aid and encouragement to induce it to brace up. This task is by no means hopeless. All reports reaching this country indicate that the Soviets are growing ever more hostile to German aggression and the humiliating "peace" of Brest-Litovsk. What is happening now in Ukraine—the peasants burning their grain lest it fall into the hands of the Germans, and a guerrilla warfare spreading over the entire region—may to-morrow happen in Great Russia under the direction of the Soviets. On the other hand, it is a well-established fact that there is a strong pro-German feeling among the Russian propertied classes, many of whom look towards Junker military force to come and help them combat the hated Soviets. Any action on the part of the United States that would arouse the mistrust of the Soviet Government and encourage its opponents, is likely to create civil war in Russia and ultimately injure the cause of the Allies. Action directed to win the confidence of the Soviets should prove beneficial to the cause of the Allies and bring victory nearer.

IF the Countess Markievicz, Professor de Valera, Dr. Dillon, and others have been guilty of treasonable acts in connection with the Germans, their fate is sealed and no one will have the slightest sympathy for them. Ireland has a hard fight before her, and needs the world's aid, but she will not get it if any of her leaders ask German aid or seek the Kaiser's support. If, on the other hand, this is a new English campaign of terrorism, it is another terrible misfortune, and may mean the beginning of bloodshed—a bloodshed so unnecessary as to wring everybody's heart whatever one's sympathies. Last week the House of Commons adjourned without a sign of a Home Rule bill being introduced, despite Lloyd George's promises; hence any hope of aid from this source has failed. But we do not ask our readers to take our view alone as to the critical conditions in Ireland and the nature of the catastrophe which may now be in sight. Here are the words of George Nichol Barnes, Labor member of the British War Cabinet, who sits daily with Lloyd George to discuss the affairs of the nation:

> Ireland is full of combustible material. There is an insurgent people on the one hand and the soldiery on the other. A spark from either side may kindle a feeling likely to create a disaster that will spoil everything. The position is just that which was present at the opening of the American War of Independence. The American colonies did not want to fight. "Don't shoot unless you are shot at," were the words of the Minute Men's commander at Boston. They were fired at, and forces were elaborated which separated the English-speaking people and tilted history in the direction of setting up the great Republic in the West. There has been no shooting for conscription. God grant there may be none.

CONSTANTLY little fragments of dispatches come out of Prussia and Hungary with regard to the fight for electoral reform in these two kingdoms. From day to day the accounts vary, at one time attributing complete failure, at another complete success, to the reformers' efforts. In Prussia, as we know, the struggle is purely between the democratic and the aristocratic elements, between the majority of the people who have been voteless and the minority of large landholders and moneyed men. No doubt the checking of Germany's offensive on the western front has much to do with the revival of this franchise-reform issue. Prussia's oligarchy grows less unyielding as the programme of immediate victory halts. On the other hand, in Hungary the whole matter is tied up with race complications rather more than with democratization pure and simple. The Hungarians, constituting really a minority element, dare not give anything like manhood suffrage for fear that the Slavs would at once assume control of the country. Only active and serious unrest would ever induce men like Tisza even for a moment to consider an extension of the franchise.

THE passage of the Overman bill in the House, as it came from the Senate, by a vote of 295 to 2, placed on the President's desk a measure conferring upon him one of the greatest grants of power for which he has asked. The refusal of the House Republicans to carry their opposition to the point of voting against the bill was not merely recognition of the fact that opposition was idle; it was an acknowledgment that the real fight for modification of its provisions has been made in the Senate. Thus the sensational demand for a Minister of Munitions and even a coalition Cabinet has resulted in a step in the opposite direction. With the President's new authority goes a corresponding responsibility. His spokesmen cannot now plead lack of coordination in the executive departments as excuse for delays or failures. But while force is added to the President's right arm, it is going too far to say that the bill means that Congress has abdicated. As Representative Sherley pointed out, the "great essential" of the power of the House and Senate is untouched. Congress retains the purse-strings and so "can make ineffectual to-morrow the exercise of any power by any administrative officer." The real danger lies, not so much in the extension of the President's power as in blind compliance with his requests for such extension. That Congress will be in the mood for that seems most unlikely. Meanwhile, the President's use of his great—dangerously great—powers will be carefully scrutinized.

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HOW much less or more than a billion dollars has really gone, lost, strayed, or stolen, as a result of aircraft mismanagement? Mr. Borglum passionately asserts that "the nation demands to know why a billion dollars in eleven months has provided us with no aeroplanes." Mr. Borglum is not altogether wrong in assuming that he speaks for the nation. The American people does want to know what has become of that billion dollars; if not more. The *Sun* has recently presented editorially the "Official Figures of the Aviation Costs for the Current Year," and the total appropriations, plus existing "deficits," plus estimated needs till the end of the year, was no less than $1,145,950,000. The *Sun* advanced no conjectures of its own as to how that vast sum had been spent. That it had been spent was indicated by the title "Aviation Costs," and the reader was obviously invited to do some hard thinking of his own. One reader did apply himself to the task, and his studies carried him to the first page of the *Congressional Record* for May 10, wherein appears the balance sheet showing the financial condition of the Aviation Section as of April 30.

UP to that date the appropriations for the entire Signal Corps have been $749,886,052.68, which is near enough to a billion dollars to be correct for agitational purposes. But when we turn to the column, "Cash Disbursements," we find that the Treasury has actually handed out the sum of $316,517,816.36. This, moreover, embraces every form of the Signal Corps Service, including the purchase or lease of lands and the construction of schools, flying fields, etc., at home and abroad. The aviation programme we are all thinking of falls under title 1, Equipment Division, "including airplanes, engines, and their spare parts, transport, general equipment, special clothing, ordnance, and ammunition," with a total disbursement of $163,116,749.48. This is the crucial item. It is out of this sum that Mr. Borglum's billion dollars has been lost or stolen. And it is this sum which the reader may be warned to keep in mind the next time he is invited to confuse appropriations with costs, to assume that every dollar authorized is immediately spent. We do not contemplate with equanimity the possibilities of graft, even to the extent of one hundred and sixty-odd millions. No doubt the question needs to be looked into. But the difference between this amount and the billion dollars of Mr. Borglum or the $1,145,950,000 of the *Sun*, does measure the coolness of spirit and the mathematical judgment with which the "shame" of Aviation is being discussed.

BLUNDERING, inefficiency, and waste in the working of the war machine are by no means peculiar to Washington, no matter what partisan critics of the Administration would have us believe. The same phenomena appear wherever the machinery for great undertakings has to be hastily devised and put into operation. The report of the British Auditor-General for the year to March, 1917, reveals details of accountancy within the Ministry of Munitions which the *Economist* characterizes as "horrifying." A repayable cash advance of £250,000, for example, had not been charged in the contract ledger. A contractor who was paid a second time £111,362 which he had previously received notified the Department of the error and was rewarded by a further sum of £21,540 which he had also previously been paid, though he was at the time indebted to the Department for a considerable sum in respect of material supplied. Estimates for Capital Expenditures on National Factories in seven cases amounted to £3,000,000; the actual expenditures, not yet completed, to £7,300,000. Perhaps, in view of such happenings in Great Britain, we should not become too greatly discouraged over the backwardness of our airplane programme, for example, however vigorously we may criticise it with a view to its improvement. Such criticism, honestly made, will raise, not lower, military and civilian efficiency and morale.

MORE disturbing to such morale, in a way, is an item of the week's news that is typical of a whole class of cases. Last fall the nation went through a sugar famine, and now sugar-using industries are rationed; during the winter all parts of the country shivered for lack of coal. Yet the financial page of a single day announces extra dividends declared by the American Sugar Refining Company, and by New York's largest retail coal company, the latter ordering an extra distribution of 5 per cent. on the common stock, payable in 4 per cent. Liberty bonds. Nobody ought to grudge these concerns their prosperity, and yet the combination of fuel and food shortage with famine prices and extra dividends leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth of a people being urged to sacrifice to meet the needs of the Government. They have trouble in understanding why, if there was less coal to distribute in New York last winter, the distributers should have had to have more profits after meeting all expenses. And they are not likely to find their perplexity resolved even by the fact that the profits were invested in Liberty bonds. Patriotism, fuel shortage, and extra dividends combined are likely to result in a difficult psychological "complex."

BARUCH, Rosenwald, Stettinius, Goethals, Warburg, Frankfurter, Deeds, Schwab—no, dear reader, this is not a roll-call of the Kaiser's Privy Council. It is merely a list of some of the men with German blood in their veins who have been entrusted with great powers under the American Government in this crisis in the nation's history. Each one is given tremendous responsibility. Most of them were born in this country; one of them has relatives in the enemy's service. The parents of most of them were born in Germany, so that it is, in a way, proper to speak of them as German-Americans. But as Americans none is more loyal, none more useful. In Schwab's hands we have placed the vital shipping question, the crux of the whole war situation. Rosenwald and Stettinius are doing most of the purchasing for the Government, while upon Goethals's shoulders rests the responsibility of the vital Quartermaster Corps. To Mr. Frankfurter has just been given the vast responsibility of controlling and regulating those who are laboring for the Government in factories, yards, and plants. Surely, this roll of honor ought to give those pause who see nothing but disloyalty among German-Americans and are allowing themselves to be swept by prejudice into opposing German-written newspapers, however loyal and however useful they may be, the German language, and everything that smacks remotely of Germany.

INAUGURATION of an aeroplane service between New York and Washington certainly marks the beginning of a new epoch. For the first time in this country the aeroplane is being put to regular, practical use not of a military nature. There may not be so much popular excitement now as on that memorable occasion when Fulton's Clermont ma-

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jestically limped up the Hudson, or when that golden spike was driven into the rails that united our Pacific with our Atlantic coast. It is a long time since people first became accustomed to the idea of regular transportation conducted by flying machines. In fact, performance, on account of the war, has rather lagged behind expectation. Posterity may look back on this new air service between America's greatest port and her capital as of even greater significance than many events taking place abroad at the present time, which more closely rivet our attention. In connection with the new service a correspondent sends us a resolution alleged to have been passed in 1828 by the School Board of Lancaster, Ohio, in answer to a request for the use of the schoolhouse for a debate on the practicability of railroads:

> You are welcome to use the school-room to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that his intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, he would have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell.

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the United Shoe Machinery Company case will doubtless attract less attention than it would do if the country had not been at war, but the grounds upon which the Government contention appears to have been rejected are nevertheless significant. Although, as Mr. Justice Day pointed out in his dissenting opinion, the United Shoe Machinery Company controls the use of certain kinds of shoe machinery by manufacturers "all over the country," the majority of the Court declines to see in this control anything intentionally monopolistic, but holds it to be, apparently, only a legitimate consequence of "business foresight." What weighed even more heavily with the Court appears to have been the difficulty of dissolving a business of such magnitude without making the remedy worse than the disease. The implication seems to be that if a Trust is beneficent, practices fair dealing, gives the public the benefit of improvements and economies, and grows to immense size, the prohibitions of the Sherman law will not apply to it.

NEW YORK is not the only State in which November is casting its shadow before. In South Carolina Senator Tillman has five competitors for his seat, and there are five Democrats who want to be Governor. Indiana has recently had her primaries, and warm ones they were. Anybody who thinks of the Middle West as still a community in which everybody knows everybody else will be disabused by reading of State officials confessing that they were nonplussed by the number of names on the ballot. Kansas, as usual, is doing things her own way, with the Democrats considering the plan of not making nominations for State offices, but devoting their energies to the election of Congressmen and the Senator that is to be chosen. Their chances for reëlecting Senator Thompson are not overbright. He was elected six years ago by Republican votes, owing to disaffection in the party, and he is threatened with defeat this time by Democratic votes, owing to dissatisfaction with his handling of the patronage. On the other hand, they have hopes of winning a Congressman in the Second District, the Republican Representative having been the only Kansan to vote against the war. In that State, as in some others, the interesting struggle will be in the primaries.

THE anti-suffragists of New York who have decided to exercise the privilege rudely thrust upon them suggest the old cartoon of the Philippine islander kept securely in the cradle of liberty by a gun in the hands of Uncle Sam. In the case of the now non-resistant ladies, however, the gun is the evil of Socialism. To combat Socialism they have forsworn their vows not to demean themselves by casting a ballot. Thus, after all, their consciousness of civic duty triumphs. They will band themselves together to vote against a change of things as they are. For a careful definition of the Socialism they are to oppose we must doubtless wait until they have emerged more completely from that political incompetence which they have heretofore professed. We do not yet know whether their black-list includes governmental control of railroads, heavy taxation of large inheritances, public construction of homes for workmen, and other like nostrums. But anything so very novel is plainly suspect in their eyes—which perhaps explains why they were anti-suffragists before the shackles of enfranchisement were bound upon them.

THE British military tribunals have just set a dangerous precedent by exempting from military service William Fuller, who is described in the official report as "a specialist in the construction of padded cells." We fear that this ruling may result in a rush into the padded-cell business, which, unlike the sale of life insurance, appears incapable of unlimited expansion by the activities of persuasive salesmen. Most of us do not want a padded cell in our home, anyway. Suppose, however, that as a result of this unfortunate action the business should be taken up by some young Rockefeller or Carnegie, more interested in the industrial than in the military greatness of his country. In view of the newer publicity methods, it might well be that after having spent all our substance in buying Liberty bonds, after borrowing from our friends in order to subscribe to the Red Cross, after having put all our quarters into the "smokes" fund and our nickels into the Salvation Army tambourine, we shall find ourselves, as we rush for our train, importuned by some leather-lunged shouter through a megaphone to "Buy a padded cell and make the world safe for democracy," or shall be invited by some pretty young woman to put a quarter in the slot and help buy a padded cell for the Hottentot Orphan Asylum of Timbuctoo. The possibilities are disturbing. Cannot this ruling be reversed?

IF there is any business in which intelligent salesmanship is requisite, it is the business of selling books. For some years the problem has been one of the greatest coming before the convention of the American Booksellers' Association. This year was no exception. The booksellers in session at the Astor the past week listened to representatives who told of what had been accomplished by schools for booksellers, either separate from bookstores or in connection with them; who bemoaned the low salaries paid to employees, and lamented the ignorance of candidates for these places. There is something piquant in the meeting of a customer who does not know what book he wants and a salesman who does not know what books he has to sell. A little knowledge on the part of the latter would put him at a great advantage, and the wonder is that providing him with it has not long ago been reduced to a science.

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The President and the War

THE President is, in some respects, on trial to-day as never before. We do not mean, of course, as the leader of democracy and of liberal opinion. There he stands by himself, far beyond all others in high office. It is as the Executive officer of the nation that he is being put to the test. He is now called upon to demonstrate that he is equal to administrative problems of a magnitude never before paralleled; that as manager of the country's affairs he is capable of administering them in a national crisis which far transcends in its difficulties and ramifications anything dreamed of heretofore. Is he a sufficiently capable business head? Can he, being but a single finite individual, accepting the enormous responsibilities placed upon him by Congress at his request, conduct the business of the hour with dispatch, compelling efficiency in every department?

It is this question, we are sure, which is worrying thoughtful men and women the country over. As a spiritual leader the bulk of the people trust the President and rank him high. But can he guide the nation's destinies through the maze of business complications which constitutes the greatest of wars? To-day he is possessed of every conceivable power short of absolute dictatorship. Congress has divested itself of all its powers save one large one—the control of the purse-strings. It has even bestowed upon the Postmaster-General the ability to crush any newspaper critic of the President whose opinion is interpreted to be a stumbling-block in the prosecution of the war. How will the President make use of this vast authority, greater, we believe, than that possessed by any king or kaiser? Will he build up a national war machine controlled by the ablest possible machinists and operated with the maximum of efficiency; will he take Congress and the public into his confidence; will he let duly authorized committees know what is going on, as is in some degree the case in England, and in far greater degree in France? Or is it to be a Government within four walls, self-satisfied, self-content, impatient of critics and of inquiry?

The happenings of the past fortnight lend sharper point to these queries than they have borne heretofore. The President last week indignantly refused, as he had refused before, to permit Congress to appoint a committee which might conceive its functions to be to inquire into and supervise the conduct of the war. In consequence, the Senate modified its pending proposal to an inquiry into the progress of aircraft and ordnance production and into the Quartermaster Corps. With the President's feeling that there should be no committee to supervise the conduct of the war everybody can sympathize; if he is to exercise executive control, he must exercise it undividedly. Yet Mr. David Lawrence last week reported from Washington the growing belief that some authoritative means must be provided for sifting popular complaints on their merits. It cannot be left to executive officers to investigate themselves or their fellows.

When anything goes wrong with the conduct of a campaign in Great Britain there is appointed a Parliamentary committee to investigate; for instance, when the Maurice scandal broke out, it seemed natural to Mr. Asquith to move for a special committee of inquiry. Even the Kaiser had to yield to the entirely novel demand for a Parliamentary committee to watch the progress of the war and keep in touch with executives when the Reichstag was not in session; hence we have the Reichstag Main Committee sitting all the time as a committee on the state of the nation. There *must be a check* upon officials, and not even President Wilson should be free from the necessity of having such a committee to prevent his subordinates from forgetting efficiency and neglecting the danger of graft and of waste.

The country is unhappy in regard to the airplane situation; the *Christian Science Monitor* is one of the powerful newspapers of the country which have been voicing this uneasiness and demanding that the country be informed what has been done with the money voted for the Aircraft Board. It insists that to describe Mr. Borglum as a knave or a fool or a genius is utterly beside the point; what it wants is the facts as to expenditures. To us it seems that the whole Borglum entanglement is proof positive of the need of a standing investigating committee for purposes of inquiry. The President blundered in appointing Mr. Borglum and giving him tremendous powers, which he had to revoke. We are glad that he has now called in Mr. Charles E. Hughes to investigate his investigator and to soothe the great popular uneasiness which has arisen. But that, to our mind, is not the way to do it; it is Congress which should investigate the failure of a department. Here it is that Congress has an opportunity of vast service to the country.

Mr. Balfour on Peace

IN marked contrast to the "bitter-ender" attitude of President Lowell, Mr. Taft, and others at the meeting of the League to Enforce Peace in Philadelphia, is Mr. Balfour's statement of last week that the door is open in England to any honest peace negotiation. "If any representative of any belligerent country desires seriously to lay before us any proposals, we are ready to listen to them," declared the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. True, this statement has been made officially before, but there is something extremely significant in its being made again just now. Hitherto, since the offensive began, all the talk has been that the word "peace" must not even be mentioned until all danger from the German offensive is over. But the British Government is above any such intractable position; hence it gave full scope to an extraordinary peace debate.

Through Mr. Balfour, the Lloyd George Government has taken the only wise and humane course possible. People here, remote from the conflict, appreciating neither what its daily toll is nor how it is endangering the whole structure of civilization, may talk bravely of not discussing peace at all, but the Allies plainly feel differently. They were ready to treat with Sixtus. They are ready now to discuss "any proposals"—in the interest, of course, of a "fair and honorable peace." These words do not suggest a peace which will dismember Germany nor humble her beyond recovery. *Neither do they mean a German peace.* As the *Nation* has repeatedly pointed out, no peace proposals will be considered as leading to a "fair and honorable peace" which do not include the complete restoration and freedom of Servia and Belgium and the evacuation of all French territory. A complete reconsideration of the Russian situation must also be insisted on. That is the *sine qua non*, and that it is understood by the Central Powers is clearly shown by the terms Prince Sixtus was prepared to offer. No German need be misled by yesterday's debate or by Mr. Balfour's utterances; the will to fight on for these essentials

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of a peace is unchanged. But no really human statesman could possibly refuse to listen to any serious, decent offer of peace and be just or fair to the men who are hourly dying to crush the German menace and to establish a lasting peace.

With the light that is given us by Mr. Balfour it is now possible to understand clearly the whole story of the Prince Sixtus negotiations. On March 31, 1917, he presented the Hapsburg offer to President Poincaré. Its text was given out at Paris April 11, 1918. It provided:

(1.) France: "I will support by every means, and by exerting my personal influence with my allies, France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine."

(2.) Belgium: To be entirely restored, including her African possessions, and compensation for losses suffered.

(3.) Servia: To be restored in her sovereignty, with access to the Adriatic, and "wide" economic concessions in Austria-Hungary.

(4.) Russia: "Events in Russia compel me to reserve my ideas with regard to that country until a legal, definite government is established."

This offer, according to Mr. Balfour's statement of last week, was for the sole knowledge of President Poincaré and George V and their Premiers, Ribot and Lloyd George. The detailed and apparently authentic account recently given by the Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* speaks of two visits by Prince Sixtus to England and of his return to Switzerland confident in the success of his mission; a state of mind which elicited a second letter from Charles I expressing his pleasure at "the substantial agreement" between himself and the British and French Governments, and pledging his influence with Germany in favor of reasonable Entente terms; and that in case Germany proved obdurate, Austria would accept the Entente terms for herself.

Like that other peace feeler which came some time in October, 1917, from German sources to Briand, and was by him transmitted to Ribot, who rejected it as a "trap," this offer from Charles I was rejected. But whereas the second approach was brushed aside by Ribot—then Foreign Minister in the Poincaré Cabinet—without consulting the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber, an action which aroused protest in the Chamber, this direct offer from Charles I, as Mr. Balfour stated, was discussed by a committee of the French Chamber and rejected. On what ground? On the ground that the Hapsburg letter made no mention of Italy, and that therefore it must be regarded as an attempt to estrange Italy from the Entente. It was discarded not as a peace offer, but as a "peace offensive."

For the future as for the past, this question of sincerity in any proffer of terms from the Central Powers must no doubt determine the attitude of the Allies. After Brest-Litovsk it is inevitable that greater caution than ever shall be exercised by the Entente. But from this it is a far jump to the conclusion that henceforth only a deaf ear should be turned to any voice from the enemy camp. Mr. Balfour's expression of a readiness to entertain serious proposals was repeated by Mr. Asquith. Coupled with the plain affirmation that an enlarged Alsace-Lorraine—which the French have been seeking—could not enter into the British war aims, and was not, in fact, the settled policy of the French Government, this does hold the door open. Germany may speak and be listened to. But Germany also knows, we repeat, the irreducible minimum for a patient hearing, not only from the Allies, but from the United States. Mr. Balfour has placed the responsibility of continuing the war more than ever squarely upon Germany.

Finis Otii cum Dignitate

OUR Legislature, with the so-called Anti-Loafing bill, has more or less gone and done the thing that must make Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and the Eucken-Haeckel combination tremble with apprehension. Harden will shortly get out a new number of *Zukunft*, in which he will write an article entitled "If I Were Governor Whitman"; Trotzky, Lenine, Kamenev, and the other Bolshevist leaders will issue a proclamation to the effect that proletarianism has at last forced a wedge right into the heart of American plutocracy. All the Russian grand dukes, generals, princes, and nobility now working behind soda fountains and as sleeping-car porters are sure to utter a vast groan because America, the land of sloth, parasitism, and leisure classes, will shortly be transformed into another overworked Red Republic. In short, New York's joining in this matter with other States, like New Jersey and Maryland, where they have just arrested and fined a prominent clubman for living the innocent life of a Major Pendennis, must reverberate around the world.

An examination of this most recent bit of radicalism put over by a Legislature which rejected prohibition, discovers the provision that all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and fifty must be "habitually and regularly engaged in some lawful, useful, and recognized business, profession, trade, or employment until the termination of the war." We submit that this is a very arbitrary and exacting law. It would be easy to prove that there exists practically no occupation which has all the qualities enumerated by the statute. What man's business is at one and the same time "regular, habitual, lawful, useful, and recognized"? Manifestly an Utopian combination. Take professions of a purely seasonal nature like those of iceman and poet. Could either of these, by any stretch of the imagination, be denominated habitual? Or regular? And consider the legislator himself. Have not many States actually restricted his activities to biennial sessions, on the theory that he is at his best reclining in a condition of ornamental oisivity, by his own fireside? In fact, does not the act under discussion amply prove that? And then there are the very busy incumbents of the Bureau of Public Information, whose employment happens to be regular, habitual, and lawful, but is it useful? And, on the other hand, you have to note also the several dozen ex-officio advisers to the President, who are always getting into hot water, who have all the statutory qualifications, except that they are not recognized.

In short, very few of us can really hope to keep out of jail, or save our bank account from the Sheriff's clutches for the benefit of the income-tax collector. Newton himself would have been punishable by this Draconian enactment, while he idly sat around in the garden chair waiting for that apple to loosen and drop on his nose. Buddha, ruminating under the Bo Tree, would have been aroused from his ingrown contemplation by the process server. Lao Tze, who thought it well to linger forever in his own barnyard, hearing his neighbor's hen cackle, but never went to look for the announced egg; Archimedes, whose thoughtful and unprofitable inaction finally stood the Syracusans in very good stead; the fat boy in the Pickwick papers; perhaps even all those young men who are working day and night, in a secret sort of way, for Colonel House, making up nicely colored race maps of Europe and Asia for subsequent use at the peace

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conference, and deciding the destiny of racial micro- and macrocosms; all these celebrated characters certainly cannot now exist under Albany's Spartan régime.

Life happens not to be the simple and uncomplicated, one-cylinder affair it has generally been supposed by lawmakers to be. This Albany enactment might greatly dislocate contemporary life by throwing a great many people, who now manage to keep busy, military experts, social uplifters, and prophets of the truer relaxation, on the community. As it is, there are scarcely enough ordinary jobs to go around, not to mention paragon jobs that are "regular, habitual, lawful, useful, and recognized." The war, surely, has already found work for a lot of persons who were not willing to stoop before to unimportant work. But has Washington any more room for such as these, without too greatly clogging the machinery of victory?

But what worries us even more than the failure of this law to include women is that after the war there will be a fearful reckoning. After this corruption by incessant occupation we shall find it most difficult to cut down. Thousands of jobs will go. Hundreds of young "publicists" now engaged in Washington will have to return again to penny-lining. There will be no more "drives." Eloquence, now above par, will suddenly cease to pay dividends. We shall then feel the effects of having recklessly uprooted our budding leisure class. The country may yet live to see the passage of an Anti-Overwork bill.

The New Memorial Day

TO most Americans of the present generation Memorial Day brings fragrant memories, as they live over again some soft summer afternoon of years long gone. They see once more a brave little procession, headed by the village band, with white-haired veterans hobbling along in the place of honor, wending its way to the cemetery on the hillside. And there they see a few scattered graves, each neatly mowed in preparation for the day, each marked with its flag, each showing the spot where sleeps one of the honored dead of the great struggle of half a century ago. They see the little children, dressed in white, their arms filled with flowers, which they strew over the green mounds, while an occasional tear drops from the eye of some sister or wife, of a generation gone, but whose hurt the years even yet have not wholly healed. And when the simple ceremony is done, they see the little group scatter again to their homes, and the quiet afternoon draws to its close in all the gentle peace of the early summer, while the thrush from the neighboring thicket sounds taps for the hero dead. What American does not cherish such recollections? What one does not recall the impression of profound peace with which the day came to its end?

That was the Memorial Day of long ago. To-day the village and the city street once more see their processions, but they are of khaki-clad young men, faring forth to the bloody fields of France. Again the bands play, but they summon us to war. And every village throughout the country has already sent dozens of its sons—how many already sleep across the water! No longer is war a dread, forgotten dream of old men, but once again we stand face to face with its maimed bodies and shattered minds and broken hearts. Into the fiery furnace wherein our fathers walked our sons are passing, from east and west, from north and south—marching, marching, the young and the strong, the workers, the poets, the dreamers, marching, on this Memorial Day, on to the fields of France. This is not a day of memory, but a day of prayer and longing unutterable.

But let it be a day of memory as well. Shall we learn no wisdom from this day? Where are the hatreds of those dark years of the sixties? The grandsons of the soldiers who fought one another at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and Atlanta and the Mine stand shoulder to shoulder to-day, not enemies but friends; and in Flanders their coming is hailed with joy by the men of London and Leeds and Birmingham, descendants of those Englishmen whom every American was once taught to hate. Nor is the union confined to those who speak the English tongue. France and England, opponents for centuries, are joined in a common cause. Wider still is the fellowship of those who fight the good fight against the patriotism that is purely parochial, and for that which comprehends the common interests and ideals of peoples under many flags. "With malice toward none"—it was thus that Lincoln spoke after four years of war, it is thus that we must to-day march side by side.

Shall the day bring us no wisdom? A half-century ago, after the armies were disbanded and the men had gone back to the farm and the forge and the factory, there came the dark and difficult years of reconstruction. The lack of sympathy, the misunderstandings, and the evil passions that the war had intensified were carried over into the work of those years. How often were their fruits as the waters of Marah! Shall we forget the lesson? Or shall we rather on this day highly resolve to put away ignorance and unreason and hatred, to put on knowledge and understanding, remembering that when this war is done, then there must come a work of world reconstruction? A half-century hence there will come another Memorial Day, when our children's children will look back on our deeds as we this day review the work of that generation gone. Shall they remember us as we remember Lincoln and Lee, or as we recall Thaddeus Stevens and the other stern apostles of hate? It is for us to answer. Even now, in the heat and stress of the conflict, we must in knowledge and thought and faith be building the world that is to be, unless we would repeat the mistakes of the dark days that followed our last great war. Faith alone cannot make us whole. But it can be the inspiration of our labors now and in the days of the new reconstruction. For the present, our task is the defeat of all that has threatened the world order which we hope to see. And in another form, by other means, that will still be our task after the armies are disbanded.

To-day, and in the future, we shall gain no victory if we lose faith in our dreams: "where there is no vision, the people perish." Our dreams are dreams of liberty, that have drawn the world's myriads across the seas; dreams of justice, that have heartened the oppressed wherever the word America was spoken; dreams of opportunity, that have gleamed before the eyes of the humble and the poor; dreams of brotherhood and peace, that have beckoned the warring peoples of Europe in years past. They are dreams of the America that never yet has been, the America that still remained to build, the America that now can never be except as part of a world freed from the burden of mutual national distrust and hatred and deceit. The America and the world of our dreams—how far away they seem on this Memorial Day! And yet, hearing the hour's stern call, we cannot forget the dreams, for this is a day of dreams.

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OBERLIN-WELLINGTON COLLEGE
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National Guilds

By RICHARD ROBERTS

IN the recent Report on Reconstruction prepared by a subcommittee of the British Labor party there are three proposals which appear to point to the ultimate organization of British industry on the basis of national guilds. These proposals are: First, that the state should assume the function of buying and distributing raw material; second, that the workers shall participate with the employers in the management of the industry; third, that production for use shall take a long precedence over production for profit. The almost inevitable result of these proposals will be the gradual elimination of the private capitalist and the passing of the management and the control of the various industries of the country into the hands of those who are actually engaged in them.

The principle of national guilds has been advocated in England for the last decade by a group of very able thinkers, associated with the weekly publication, *The New Age*, the most conspicuous of whom are Messrs. A. R. Orage, the editor, S. G. Hobson, and G. D. H. Cole; and the influence of their persistent advocacy upon the Labor party's Report is evident. The movement is a reaction at once from the disastrous industrial individualism of the past and from the dangerous tendencies towards state omnicompetence which are implied in Marxian socialism. The word "guild" is something more than a reminiscence of the mediæval institution; the present movement has quite definite affinities with its historical precursor, notably in the principle of combining all the members of a craft in one association for mutual support, control, and coöperation. But the "national" guild goes beyond its forebear in two respects—in the fact of being national where the older institution was local, and in the account it necessarily takes of the more complex and specialized character of modern industry. "A national guild," says Mr. S. G. Hobson, "is a combination of all the labor of every kind, administrative, executive, productive, in any particular industry. It includes those who work with their brains and those who contribute labor power. Administrators, skilled and unskilled labor—every one who can work—are all entitled to membership." And this body of people will lease from the state, which acts in the transaction for the community as a whole, the right and the means to carry on the industry with which it is concerned, always providing that it shall be under conditions which safeguard the interests of all the people in respect of the products of the industry.

The case for this method of organizing national industry may be stated briefly. The "original sin" of the existing industrial order, according to the guildsman, is production for profit. Mr. S. G. Hobson, in a recent little volume entitled "Guild Principles in Peace and War" (one of that select company of small books whose worth is in inverse ratio to their size), puts side by side (*inter alia*) the following figures—the particular year is not stated:

	Iron and steel industries.	Railway construction.
Net output	£30,948,100	£17,103,100
Persons employed	262,225	241,520
Net output per person	£118	£71
Average wage per person	£67	£67

These figures reveal two facts of great interest. The first is that in railway construction, which is chiefly for *use*, the disparity between the average output and the average wage per person is only four pounds, whereas in the iron and steel industries, where production is for *profit*, the disparity is as high as fifty-one pounds. Railway construction represents output in locomotives, rolling stock, and so forth, which the railroad companies make for themselves; whereas the products of the iron and steel industries are destined for the market. Where product is for profit, the excess of average output over the average wage is more than twelve times as great as in the case where profit is not immediately aimed at. This is connected with the fact that the iron and steel industries are chiefly concerned with the provision of interest upon investments, whereas in railway construction there is no such direct necessity.

The second fact of importance is that in both cases the average wage is the same. This is the result of the cooperation of two things: First, the commodity theory of labor, according to which labor is regarded as a measurable and marketable affair, subject to the law of supply and demand, and separate from the personality of the laborer; and second, that reserve of labor which is commonly called unemployment, the existence of which tends to moderate the fluctuations of the labor market. It is to the interests of capital that there should be a permanent margin of unemployment in order that the price of labor should not become excessive at any time by reason of its scarcity.

In the past, the maintenance of the unemployed was assumed by the trade unions so far as their own members were affected; but by the provisions of the National Insurance act this has now been laid upon the community as a whole. But, says the guildsman, since the existence of a reserve of labor seems to be under present conditions essential to the conduct of the industry, and since, further, it is impossible to secure that under no conditions there will not be some margin of unemployment, the charge for the maintenance of the reserve of labor should fall on the industry to which it belongs. The industry should always be self-maintaining, and since the reserve of labor is not likely to disappear permanently, provision should be made by the industry itself for those of its members who may chance to fall out of employment.

But this immediately destroys the commodity theory of labor. Under this arrangement the individual will be regarded not as a potential vender of a certain amount of labor power, subject to the law of supply and demand, and liable to lose his subsistence and that of his family by the chances of the market, but as a regular member of a society which provides a financial reserve for the purpose of maintaining him when he falls into the labor reserve. The status of the worker is entirely transformed. He ceases to be a "hand" and becomes a partner.

The national guild is really no more than the systematic development of this principle of partnership; and because it insists that the partnership shall be real and not fictitious, it rejects all schemes of democratic control in industry which still retain the commodity theory of labor, and all schemes of profit-sharing which is the voluntary bounty of the em-

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ployer. The guildsman holds that the worker has a direct interest in the thing produced apart from his remuneration for producing it, and that his contribution in the way of labor entitles him to as real a partnership in the industry as his employer, a partnership indeed more real than that of the investor who does no more than rake in his dividends. To this principle of partnership there is of course no logical end except such a combination of the administrative, executive, and productive labor in a given industry as is contemplated in the national guild.

With such a development, production for profit is subordinated increasingly to production for use. Industry will be organized no longer in the interests of capital but of the community, and the profits that may accrue will go to the community. This is a point anticipated in the Report on Reconstruction already referred to, in the section which is devoted entirely to the subject of "The Surplus Wealth for the Common Good."

The conduct of the industry under these conditions will be vested in a hierarchy of representative bodies which will consist of persons delegated to act on behalf of the various departments of administration and production; and these will extend all the way up from the small shop council to the national council. The guildsmen extend their vision farther to a combination of these national councils which will become the industrial parliament of the nation, empowered to handle its commercial and economic business and leaving the legislature to occupy itself with those aspects of public life, such as education, health, and so forth, which are now so grievously neglected and subordinated to the exigencies of the economic life of the nation.

That, roughly, is the guild theory. Its great advantage is that while it eliminates industrial competition, it also avoids, through its insistence upon democratic control, the dangers of excessive centralization and bureaucratic control inherent in state socialism. That ownership is to be vested in the state, even on the guild principle, is indeed true; but administration and control will be so generously distributed as to save the state from its chronic temptation to wholesale absolutism. It is not without interest to point out that guild socialism reflects on the economic side the current tendency in political philosophy towards a doctrine of the state which regards it as multicellular in nature and would make it federalistic in practice, in contrast to the emphasis of the preceding generation upon its unitary and absolutist character.

It is probable that the advocates of the national guild are themselves somewhat astonished to find themselves already so near their goal. But the war has done much to hustle economic history. The sanctities of the older economics have gone by the board in the exigencies of an urgent military situation. Theories and policies which were anathema to economic orthodoxy before the war have been tried and, so far from being found wanting, have been in many cases brilliantly vindicated. The state as buyer and distributer of raw material is a daring innovation which has been justified again and again by its results; and though the employing classes affect to regard it purely as an emergency measure, it is sure that the radical elements in British politics will endeavor to retain it as a permanent function of the state. Under the guild system, the state would purchase the raw material according to the advice of the guild council, and then hand it over to the guild council for distribution. Something of this kind has been done with conspicuous success in the woollen trades that centre around Bradford in Yorkshire. The War Office early in 1916 requisitioned the output of the factories for the production of khaki, blankets, and other necessary articles; and a little later the Government purchased all the available wool on the market. The distribution of this wool to the factories was left by the army contracts department to a board of control which it instituted for the whole industry.

Says a recent account of the matter:

> The allocation is carried out by means of a series of rationing committees. There are district rationing committees of spinners, of manufacturers, and a joint rationing committee, on which the trades unions are represented. These committees ascertain all the facts about an individual firm's consumption of wool and the kind and quality of machinery that has been used. From these data the rations are arranged for the several mills of the district, while the Government Committee settles the rations for the several districts. It is an extraordinarily interesting example of an industry regulating its life on a principle of equity instead of leaving the fortunes of different mills and the fortunes of thousands of workmen's homes to the blind scramble of the market.

It is unlikely that the workman will, without a hard struggle, part with the new security afforded by this process.

But the experiment in the woollen industry goes even further in the direction of a national guild. When the Government requisitioned the mills, it established a method of payment which eliminated profit-making, and the spinner and the manufacturer became virtually Government agents; and further it obliged the different interests to combine into some form of common organization. In this organization in its ultimate form as the board of control there are thirty-three members, eleven appointed by the Government, eleven by the Employers' Associations, and eleven by the trades unions. Here are, indeed, all the essentials of a national guild; the comparatively short step from Government control to Government ownership alone is lacking.

The principle of democratic control in industry has received so much powerful endorsement that it is unlikely that its application and extension can be successfully resisted. The Garton Foundation, an institution specially founded for purposes of social and international reconstruction, which commands a wide and respectful hearing, has advocated the participation of the worker in the control and the management of the actual business of production; but it is defective, first of all, in that it still bases its programme upon the already discredited commodity theory of labor, and secondly, in that it does not extend the participation of the worker in control to the departments of policy and administration. From the guildsman's point of view, it is further criticised because it reserves the control of raw materials to the employer. More thoroughgoing is the scheme embodied in a report of the House of Commons Committee on Reconstruction which follows the main lines of the plan advocated by Mr. Malcolm Sparkes,* of instituting a hierarchy of councils in every industry, composed of equal numbers of employers' and trades union representatives, culminating in a national industrial parliament for each industry. The councils—from the lowest to the highest—were not designed to be mere instruments for the adjustment of disputes, but

*Mr. Malcolm Sparkes is a master-builder and a member of the Society of Friends. He is a conscientious objector to war; and it is a curious and amusing fact that while Mr. Sparkes was endeavoring to serve one Government department in the interests of industrial reconstruction, he was placed under arrest by another as a deserter from military service, on the ground that his reconstruction work was declared not to be of national importance!

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rather to promote the improvement and development of the industry in the interests of the public. The Government has initiated the practice of treating employers virtually as its own paid servants, has recognized the principle of democratic control, has assumed the purchase and control of raw materials, and has superseded production for profit by production for use. Apparently the reconstruction sub-committee of the British Labor party has been convinced; and while the party as a whole has not at the time of this writing adopted the report, the probabilities are that it will do so. And as the British Labor party is likely before long to be in a position to translate its proposals into constitutional fact, the advocates of the National Guild are entitled to hold high hope of reaping the fruit of their able work.*

The James Gordon Bennetts and Their Newspaper

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT would be easy to moralize about the late James Gordon Bennett and to dwell upon his frailties, for the lesson of his career is obvious. As a young man there came to him a wonderful opportunity to serve his country through a great newspaper then near the zenith of its prosperity and power. The end of his life of self-imposed exile and absentee ownership finds his newspaper but a shadow of its former self, with so little to distinguish it that newspaper men frequently forget to glance at it on their way to work—overlook the New York *Herald* with its international reputation of yesteryear, unsurpassed by any journal in the world, the New York *Herald* with more great "beats" to its credit than any other newspaper! There were years and years when no rival journalists dared to go to bed before seeing a copy of the early edition of the *Herald*, which they picked up in fear and trembling lest they find in it one of those record-breaking "stories" which made its name as famous as that of "The Thunderer" in every capital of the globe. Who can forget the thrill that ran through the world when the *Herald's* "special commissioner," Henry M. Stanley, reported the discovery and rescue of Livingstone in darkest Africa, when out of the forlorn Lena Delta came the story of the stark tragedy of the Jeannette? No one who experienced them.

The truth is that if the Bennetts, father and son, were short of some of the ordinary moralities, they were the most remarkable news men this country has ever produced. The father revolutionized the whole science of news-getting, and the son outdid him by creating exclusive news. He would invest thousands of dollars in a news story, knowing that it might be two years before he could get any return. There must have been many thousands spent without any result, but the younger Bennett had learned in his father's school that nothing pays like news. The father began his career as a rank sensationalist, a muck-raker, a purveyor of scandal. People read his sheet—as so many thousands read Hearst's to-day—"to see what the demagogue is saying," and lamented that so great a scourge could come to harry staid and respectable New York. From having to write the whole sheet himself, the father was soon able to hire many to write for him—it was his boast that he sent sixty-three special correspondents into the field during the Civil War. Gradually what we should to-day call the "yellowness" of the early *Herald* began to fade away. It has always had a penchant for personalities and gossip, but it became a remarkable news sheet. Take up its files for 1858–1859—printed on a splendid rag paper which is white and strong to this hour—and you will find it mild indeed compared to the conservative dailies of 1918, and what is more interesting, you will find that it reported local news with an accuracy nowhere equalled to-day. I have had occasion to test those files of the *Herald*, and I know that they are remarkable historical material, whereas I should care to lean but little upon the daily journalistic records of to-day—woe to future generations if they should rely upon current press accounts for the true story of the great war of the nations.

Not that the morals of the *Herald* of 1850–1860 were what they should have been. The first James Gordon Bennett was pro-slavery, pro-Tammany, and pro-everything which we should say to-day "made against good government." When the Civil War broke out, he was in much the same plight as his modern imitator is to-day; people denounced him as disloyal and unpatriotic and a mob compelled a radical change of front. At once he became a loyalist of the loyalists; he gave a yacht to the Government, his son became a volunteer officer in the navy, and he saved the day by redoubling his news efforts. Politicians still had to reckon with the *Herald's* influence. Count Gurowski wrote in his diary in August, 1861, that it was generally believed that Lincoln read only the *Herald*. John Bright at the same time blamed the "reckless tone of your New York *Herald*," which, according to Rhodes, "spoke for a potent public sentiment outside of New England." The best news from the front was in either the *Herald* or the *Tribune*. The special foreign service of the former was unsurpassed until recent years; even though it carried trivialities and scandal, one had to read it if one would be posted as to events and political personalities in Europe.

To this service Mr. Bennett gave his personal attention when events took him to Paris to live. There is no doubt of his ability, and no doubt that he had it in him also to play a great part in his country's history had he desired to live another life than he chose. To have guided the destinies of his newspapers—he founded both the *Telegram* and the Paris *Herald*—by cable is evidence in itself of his power, for he was always in closest touch with the smallest details and constantly upsetting this or that for some freakish reason as his eccentricities grew upon him. There was much of the pioneer in him. As his father speedily recognized the news possibilities in the cable, the son became one of the owners of the Commercial Cables in order that the *Herald* might profit thereby. When the automobile appeared, it was Mr. Bennett who saw the news and business value of being first in this field, and the same was true of the aeroplane, as it had been of the bicycle. He liked the novel and the bizarre and he did not mind if people ridiculed him and the *Herald;* what he dreaded was their not talking about his papers. Until late in life he kept the faculty of looking far ahead; it was not by accident that a correspondent of the *Herald* stood beside Dewey on that memorable morning in Manila Bay when he said to Gridley: "You may fire when you are ready."

Again, he had the great good sense to make himself supreme in several fields, realizing the value to a daily of

*The literature on National Guilds is steadily growing. The most authoritative textbook is "National Guilds," by A. R. Orage and S. G. Hobson, published by George Bell & Sons, London.

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specialties. Thus, the *Herald* was for a generation the great shipping medium because it spent thousands in special dispatches from all over the world, reporting ship arrivals and departures. In the theatrical field, as in that of sports, it was long without a rival. Every naval officer, yachtsman, and lover of horses read it, as did every sporting man, the latter tempted for years by a class of advertisements to which the Department of Justice, in the person of one Henry L. Stimson, put an end. Moreover, the *Herald* succeeded without a strong editorial page. Outside of Mr. Bennett's own name, there is hardly that of a strong journalist to be recalled in connection with his properties. This may have been because many men may not have wished to be associated with one whose whims were so apt to terminate careers without warning. Latterly Mr. Bennett apparently lost all faith in the uses of an editorial page, and the *Herald's* influence, unlike that of the *Tribune* and the *Times,* rested exclusively upon its presentation of the news. Gradually, as Mr. Bennett grew older, his grip relaxed, his visits to this side became fewer and fewer, and the *Herald's* star began to wane. Its circulation rapidly fell off until he was compelled to drop the price to one cent in order to achieve 100,000 readers where once there had been 500,000. On April first last it swore to 128,814; in 1916 to only 92,853; some years ago its finances compelled the dropping of its costly specials, and it is currently believed that whereas it once made a million a year, if not more, for its owner, it is now losing a very large sum, offset, however, by the earnings of that curious sheet, the *Telegram,* which has killed off so many of the enemy since this war began that one wonders why it is that there are any left. Incidentally, the *Telegram* itself knows what it means to be killed, for Mr. Bennett killed it himself one day and denounced it as a fraud upon the advertiser and public—his own property! Some of his staff induced him to resurrect it, and it has flourished ever since. A year or two ago Mr. Bennett nearly made up his mind to sell the *Herald;* at the last minute he withdrew from the bargain. "It will kill me," he said, "if I do not have it to occupy me."

What will become of these properties is now the one question agitating journalists. Opinion is divided as to whether the glory of the *Herald* could or could not be revived. Some think that it is too late; the writer is one who believes that if it were made a strong liberal organ, with all its emphasis upon reliable and accurate news gathering, with its editorial mind bent upon leading in after-the-war reconstruction, it could again play a great rôle—provided it had the means to revive the great news-gathering tradition of the Bennetts. But these are difficult days for newspapers, and when it is seen that Chicago will support but two English morning dailies and Cleveland but one, the question whether consolidations are not again in order in New York inevitably presents itself. The gravity of the situation lies in the enormous increase in costs and the menace of a scarcity of paper with still higher prices. As the London *Times* has twice raised its price since the war began and is now limiting its editions, so we may see American dailies restricted in output and selling for four or five cents if the war goes on.

Whatever the future of the *Herald,* the fact that it is today in make-up and manner one of the really conservative newspapers of the country must not be overlooked. How far the cry from the little four-page *chronique scandaleuse* of 1835! In this respect newspapers seem much like individuals; the extreme radicals die or reach old age conservative and the conservatives sometimes turn radical. No one can deny that whatever the faults of the Hearst papers of to-day, they are vastly less sensational than they were in 1898. Perhaps in the lifetime of the second generation of Hearsts we may see their group of *Examiners* and *Americans* turn into staid pillars of society.

A New Historical Division

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

ALL beginnings are make-believe and all historical divisions are arbitrary. The Renaissance author, to show the perfection of his own time, wrote in a patronizing and pitying fashion about the many centuries which had intervened between the enlightened day of Lorenzo the Magnificent and the glorious days of those Greeks and Romans whose artistic and literary inheritance had just been rediscovered. From him we modern people have derived our expression, the "Middle Ages"—a tedious succession of stagnant years and intellectual darkness. The very word mediæval has become a synonym for decay and unreasoning reaction. Meanwhile the years came and went, and it became necessary to create a period of "Modern History" to follow the Middle Ages. In many countries this Modern History has been succeeded by a "Recent History." At this rate the historian of the year 4000 will have to describe a "Recentest, Latest, and Most Modern History." The historian of the year 5000 will have to invent a new word. There seems no reason why we should continue to teach an historical division which has not even the virtue of an explanatory clearness. Our "Middle Ages" and our "Modern History" are no *pons asinorum* leading to a land of historical comprehension. They are terms which would not be tolerated for a moment in any other field of human knowledge. Therefore, I beg to suggest a new way of dividing Occidental history, showing the sequence of the events of the last forty centuries and forming a basis upon which future generations can continue their researches.

We have had divisions along political, religious, and economic lines. They will not answer our purpose. A classification which lays too much stress upon the development of the state or the nation or the individual would be entirely too one-sided.

It is absolutely necessary to have a division of time which shall be of such a broad nature that all minor occurrences during a specific number of centuries shall be lost in one main, dominant factor. In short, we must find a greatest common denominator for the historical development of our world. Here is my division:

(1.) The ancient world.

(2.) The settlement of Europe by new races, 400-1200.

(3.) The blending of the old and the new civilization, 1200-1500.

(4.) The European conquest of the world, 1500-1800.

(5.) The European conquest of knowledge, 1800-

It is true that this division leaves out the history of the non-European parts of the world. The specialist will find time for such investigations. The average human being does not live long enough to study the doings of people who neither directly nor indirectly influence his own historical development.

The study of history, as I see it, should provide the average boy and girl who graduate from our schools and universities with an intelligent background against which they can un-

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derstand their own immediate problems with greater clarity. I do not for a moment mean that history can teach them how to be healthy and wealthy and wise in their own little circle. But this particular study should give them a correct perspective of the world, and it should show them in what way the human being of the present time is the direct result of many thousands of years of previous conscious growth. Hence, my first period demands a certain knowledge of anthropology, some acquaintance with the Eastern civilizations of Asia and Africa, and a thorough familiarity with the world which grew up around the Mediterranean Ocean.

Then when the student has seen the origin and the growth of a state of civilization which to the contemporary onlooker appeared as the last and final word upon the subject of human development, he should be given a clear understanding of the sudden destruction of the gigantic fabric of the ancient world. New races, nomadic savages, but little superior to our earliest Indians, break through the protecting defences of this vast and ancient Empire and destroy it after a terrible and prolonged struggle. The accumulated culture of a dozen centuries is washed away by this sudden flood of barbarians. Among the ruins of a happier time the invaders make themselves at home. During many centuries they continue to wander up and down along the neglected highways of the old Roman Empire. Meanwhile, an Eastern religion, modified by Greek thought and worldly Roman speculations, fights with them for the ultimate domination of the European continent. At last the surging mass settles down and during our third period (usually called the Renaissance) crystallizes into a solid combination of the old and the new. The old European house is set in order once more. After many centuries of unrest, people are at last allowed to live in peace. Two dangerous foreign invasions have been repulsed. Charles Martel has destroyed the Arab peril. The Mongolians have not been able to cross the Polish prairies. The Turk, the most threatening of all enemies, is kept in check by the eastern outposts of organized Europe.

With safety at home man goes abroad. During the next four centuries (period number four) he discovers and conquers the four corners of this earth. He settles down in many new continents. South America becomes a European province. North America grows to be a dependency of the lands around the North Sea. The Indias become the private property of chartered companies in Amsterdam and London. Australia is neglected merely because it is unprofitable.

At last this process reaches its logical conclusion. Glory abroad has too often meant misery at home. This misery, accepted as an inevitable axiom during previous centuries, now becomes a subject of meditation. By many sixteenth and seventeenth-century pioneers it has been shown that no permanent progress is possible without understanding, and understanding grows out of experience. When, after a revolutionary period of a century and a half, the human race is at last free to use its brains after its own will and has obtained the leisure necessary for organized study, we enter the fifth period, that of the European conquest of knowledge.

The sixth division will depend upon our understanding of the previous five. Very likely it will be influenced by the individual struggling for liberty. That, however, is a matter of pure speculation. The other five divisions can be based upon actual fact. Do they give any satisfaction to our historians?

Lamennais and Maurice de Guérin

By EDWARD P. BUFFET

IN the *Nation* of February 14 an interesting article recalls to attention the career of Félicité de la Menais, that unhappy champion of Liberty under the standard of Obedience. Naturally, a man who spent his time trying to reconcile these principles found so much to do that only a little could be crowded into a single article. But since no mention is made of an episode in his life which, more than anything else, brings him close to some of us, it may well be supplied to round out his personality. I refer to his connection with the retreat at La Chênaie and his preceptorship there of Maurice de Guérin.

After the suppression of *L'Avenir* in 1831 and the unsuccessful pilgrimage to Rome, Lamennais retired with a few followers to a secluded house in his native Brittany, which had been the place of his youthful studies with his brother. Here, at La Chênaie, they congregated—Félicité and Jean de Lamennais, Gerbet, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Boré, and others—pursuing their labors with a single object, the science of God, but each in his own way. The greater Lamennais set himself to codify and extend his philosophical system. Four or five pupils were admitted to their devotions and studies, and among them, on the recommendation of M. Boré, came young Guérin. He was then in his twenty-third year, of poetic temperament and high talents but unformed character, which needed the mental discipline of La Chênaie. He was still hesitatingly continuing with his preparation for religious orders.

It was near Christmas, 1832, when Maurice arrived at La Chênaie, a sort of oasis in the vast, forested Breton plains. The château, with its great gardens and terrace of lindens, stood under low-lying northern skies, which oppressed him after the high ones of his Languedoc home. But humanly, the genial though austere life charmed him. M. Féli, as Lamennais was familiarly called by his disciples, shows here as one of those masterful yet winning personalities contact with whom produces a life-felt influence upon others. However much, in confronting the world, he seemed the soul of anger and bitterness, in this fraternity he was vivacious and gracious.

Illuminating are the letters of Maurice, from which some passages may be translated. Upon arrival he describes to his father his first interview with M. Féli:

> "What sort of weather do you commonly have at your home?" was the first question. Then he talked about my travelling companions, my age, the high tides at Saint Malo, Calderon, the way to fish for oysters, Catholic poetry, Hugo, the most remarkable fish of the Breton coast. . . . The great man is small, slender, pale, eyes gray, head oblong, nose large and long, forehead deeply furrowed with wrinkles which descend between his two eyebrows to the beginning of his nose; clad all in gray cloth from head to foot; walking in his room to the fatigue of my young legs, and when we got out for a stroll marching always ahead, wearing an awful straw hat, older and more worn than that of Charles de Bayne.

A few days later Maurice writes to his sister Eugénie:

> M. Féli lets you tell your beads without uttering a word; then when you have apprised him that you are through, he begins to talk, in grave, deep, luminous words, full of unction. His lecture, like his books of piety, is full of Holy Scripture, wonder-

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fully melted into his discourse. It gives him a great sweetness. He loves us as a father, always calling us his sons. Yesterday, when the last newcomer arrived, he was joyful of heart. "Our little family grows," he said to me, embracing me with tenderness and joy. One learns more from his conversation than in the books. With a few words he opens to you immense points of view in science. His words elevate and warm the soul; one feels the presence of genius.

Five months afterward, young Guérin sends to M. de Bayne a longer description:

M. Féli is an admirable man to study in the intimacy of his character; very different from so many men of great renown who are beautiful to behold only in their books—just like spiders and silk-worms which spin wonderful webs and yet are villanous little animals. The more one has to do with M. Féli, the more one advances in intimacy with him, the more one discovers inward beauties, perfections of soul imperceptible at a distance and revealed only by the observation of common life. It is generally thought that M. Féli is a man of arrogance and fierce pride. This idea, which has alienated so many Catholics from him, is incredibly false. No man in the world is buried deeper in humility and self-renunciation. Were it otherwise, he would not comprehend Christianity, which is altogether summed up in humility; and assuredly he does comprehend it beyond all expression. . . .

His conversation is worth books, more than books. Without having heard him, it is impossible to conceive the charm of his talks when he gives rein to his imagination: philosophy, politics, travel, anecdotes, history, pleasantries, raillery, all issue from his mouth in forms most original, most lively, most striking, most incisive, with very novel and profound metaphors; sometimes with parables admirable in sense and poetry, for he is grandly poetic. From the age of seven years he began to observe nature in its smallest details, and thus he has filled a prodigious treasury of observations, whence he draws comparisons which give to his thoughts great light and infinite grace. The evening after supper we spend in the parlor. He throws himself on to a huge sofa—an old piece of furniture in worn crimson velvet placed directly under the portrait of his grandmother, who shows some of her grandson's features, and who seems to regard him with complaisance. This is the hour for conversation. Then, if you enter the parlor, you will see down in the corner a little head—nothing but the head, the rest of the body being absorbed by the sofa—with eyes sparkling like carbuncles and incessantly pivoting on its neck; you will hear a voice, sometimes grave, sometimes mocking, and sometimes breaking into sharp, long laughter. That is *our man*.

M. de Marzan, in his reminiscences of Maurice de Guérin at La Chênaie, believes that, in spite of these epistolary eulogies, there was a certain aloofness between Lamennais and his pupil; that the latter's intuitively poetic nature, incapacity for rigorous thought, and restiveness under rule prevented his feeling perfectly at ease. It is suggested that the enthusiastic passages in his letters expressed what as yet he saw through the eyes of his mediating friend, Elie de Kertanguy. But Marzan, when he wrote, was an apostate from Lamennais in his later, more radical progress.

Evidences of M. Féli's transcendent melancholy are not absent from Maurice's Journal. "Do you know," the master asked one day, "why man is the most suffering among creatures? It is because he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite and he is torn asunder; not by four horses, as in the horrible ages, but by two worlds." On another occasion, beneath two Scotch pines behind the chapel, he traced with his cane the outline of his grave, which was to be without stone, a simple bank of turf, and he sighed, "Oh, that I were there already!" Hearing once the tick of the clock pendulum, he remarked: "If some one were to tell this pendulum that at a certain moment it would have its head cut off, it would still keep on striking till that moment was come. My children, be like that pendulum: whatever may happen, keep on sounding your hour."

The hour sounded sooner than expected for the little cloister school of La Chênaie. Before Maurice had been there many months, the ecclesiastical authorities had hounded M. Féli even to that solitude; he was compelled to quit the fellowship. In a disinfected state, the brotherhood was placed under Jean de Lamennais as a superior and moved to Plöermel. Guérin remained with them awhile, but soon, having renounced his novitiate, he went to Paris for a freer life. But he deeply felt the value of La Chênaie and its loss to him, although, before many years, he declared himself emancipated from the philosophy of Lamennais. We know that Maurice died in 1839, after having given proof of high talents, but before he had lived long enough to gain mental substance for his expression, so that the Journal of his sister Eugénie has perhaps more power than his writings.

The bitterness of persecution for a noble idea, such as was endured by the apostle of Liberty, Lamennais, would have seemed to Americans, up to a few months ago, remote and academic. But to-day there are some who can realize the stress of intolerance which victimized his life.

Trustees and Faculties

By ACADEMICUS

WHEN the earliest American colleges were founded, there was in existence no recognized professional academic class or career. The corporation and the teaching body of an Oxford or Cambridge college were one and the same coöpted group. This unit consisted chiefly or entirely of clergymen and candidates for holy orders. In our own new country there was no benevolent founder at hand to give endowments and statutes, select the first head and fellows, and launch the new academic craft with his benediction upon its independent voyaging. The most natural thing here was for a group of clergymen to get together and with the countenance of the civil authority constitute themselves the fellows of their projected foundation. They were thus authorized to exercise the plenary powers that rested with their prototypes in the English college. For any financial or scholastic function doubtless any one of these reverend gentlemen may have been better fitted than most or all laymen then and there extant. If he were a graduate of one or the other of the English universities, or perhaps even if he had not that distinction, he might be capable of teaching any subject contemplated in the new establishment quite as efficiently as any contemporary don of Emmanuel or Brasenose. *Mutatis mutandis*, the American college thus far resembled its English model.

But speedily arose a differentiation. These New England clergymen were pastors and could not combine intramural college life with the proper care of their flocks. A suggested cure for the difficulty lay ready at hand. The civil authorities of the town were wont to hire a schoolmaster, who was not a member of the official junta, but an employee responsible to it. So also the fellows of the college proceeded to engage teachers from outside their own ranks to give that instruction which they themselves could not conveniently furnish in person. There was the beginning of the division in persons and functions between corporation and faculty. The former was the legal college, possessed

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of full powers of government; the latter was a group of employees, performing such duties as the corporation prescribed, and having such privileges in internal management as the corporation permitted. The president of the college came to be the only resident member of the corporation and thus the immediate and ever-present representative to the faculty of their employers and masters. He ceased to be one of themselves. The English college was, and is, "a society of scholars." The American college came to be, and is, a company of hired men, subject to the direction and control of a firm of employers. It should be noted, however, in all fairness, that in the earlier period members of the corporation might be quite as well equipped, intellectually and scholastically, as the average of their actual deputies in the teaching function. The old concept of a college as a society of scholars was not altogether mocked and set at naught by the aspect of a teaching body of respectably lettered men dependent on a ruling body of substantially equal learning.

But this is far from being the case now. The academic career has become a profession and is no longer an accidental or temporary employment. It is no longer regarded as properly furnishing an agreeable refuge for a middle-aged parson who likes to read and is for some reason out of a job. The ideal of necessary scholarship that, thank Heaven, it may now be claimed is the prevailing one, was undreamt of by earlier trustees and presidents. Even at the present time it seems to be quite beyond the comprehension of many persons in that exalted station. With the tremendous advance in learning and all that accompanies it, the widening fissure between trustees and faculty has become a chasm. The former are usually worthy and often accomplished gentlemen, but of necessity engaged in other pursuits for the main part than those of scholastic learning. It is quite impossible that they, with the best will imaginable, should be equipped adequately to conduct a university. The idea is an anachronistic absurdity. That it is not so recognized is because we have so long contemplated no other. Many trustees are doubtless able to conduct department stores. We see them doing it. It is an honorable occupation. But to conduct a university on the theory of a department store is to dishonor both learning and scholars.

The proper college is now the faculty and not at all the corporation. Who in the world knows or cares who form the corporation of a given college? No one, other than those officially dependent on them, unless perhaps when some unusually scandalous exercise of legal authority raises public question about their personality. And, on the other hand, who in all the learned world does not know a college by the men on its faculty? They alone make and are the true society of scholars.

But the civil law says otherwise. It still affirms that the corporation is the college and the professors are mere employees, in the same sense precisely as the man that stokes the furnace or the boy that runs the president's errands. And the corporation itself proudly affirms the same thing. Any unbending of attitude towards the faculty is understood on both sides to be that of the genial and kind-hearted master towards his servant, a matter of condescension, of courtesy, of free grace, and not at all of moral right or necessity.

This constitution of things has become at best an unendurable absurdity. It is a constant mortification and humiliation to the scholars who are subject to it. It is wrong in both principle and practice. The only proper cure is in a return to the original English model, of which the important feature is that the control of the scholastic interests of the college, for which alone the college exists, and to which its endowments are simply one subsidiary means, is not put into the hands of its financial officials. That would seem to an Englishman a worthy part of the regal constitution of Wonderland. What we need is the reconstitution of trustees and faculty as a single board, with, of course, such division of labor among them as is now managed by means of committees. Doubtless committees are an invention of the evil one, but there is no escape from them in this world. In the reformed corporation, matters of finance would naturally be under the administration of the legal and business experts, scholastic matters under the care of those who now compose the faculty. A large faculty usually consists of men of varied training, fields of knowledge, and individual capacities. Some are more definitely researchers (to use a detestable English word). Others of (let us charitably hope) sufficient learning have cultivated a special reputation for teaching. Others yet, finding study more or less irksome, show particular taste for and ability in administrative functions. It would appear a most wholesome and salutary thing if with them could be closely joined on equal terms a number of men of university training and high culture, but also of experience in the business and legal world. Their judgment and outlook could not fail to be of immense value in all the shaping of the scholastic and cultural life for which the university exists.

For the sake of brevity, and because they are so well known (of course not to trustees), I have not undertaken to point out many of the difficulties in the present system. I shall not essay to point out the advantages to be gained by the proposed reformation. I am not so youthful as to hope that any arguments in favor of such a modification of their power might make it appear reasonable to any existent president or corporation. I was talking the other day to a trustee who expressed tolerant approval of the election of a small minority of the corporation by the alumni of the university. In reply I actually dared to suggest that the next change might properly be to have the rest of the board appointed by the professors, instead of the professors by the trustees. "What," he cried out in natural horror, "the faculty choose the men who are by law to be their rulers?" My deprecating answer had to be that the proposition might be looked upon as revolutionary, for it certainly was open to the objection of suggesting a republic instead of an autocracy. I have yet to remember a single instance in which a monarch has voluntarily come to consider it meet, right, and his bounden duty to abdicate his power in favor of a republic.

How the reformation could be actually initiated in a given case is a legal question, and may be pretermitted here. It could be realized only with extreme difficulty, if corporations, avid of authority and jealous of dignity, should persist stubbornly in a plea of *non possumus* or *non volumus*. Then there would need to be an appeal to patience and the slow influence of education, or possibly to the swift influence somewhere in our own country of a new foundation flourishing under the reformed model. But if such an amalgamation were actually to be effected in the case of an existing private foundation (State universities would offer problems of peculiar difficulty), it might perhaps come

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by way of the election into the corporation of the men on the faculty holding full professorships, followed by the rearrangement of statutes. It will be noted that in the present age no man is likely to reach a full professorship in a university of any size till he has served a long and scholarly academic apprenticeship. It will not hurt the dignity of younger men to be dependent for advancement in the academic hierarchy upon what will be then, as it too often is not now, the judgment of their peers.

Correspondence

A College Symposium

THE announcement in the *Nation* of May 11 concerning the proposed independent college of political science has excited wide interest. We are sure that those in charge of the project will welcome criticism and suggestion, and we therefore invite our readers to write us frankly their impression of the possibilities and limitations of such a plan, the most desirable form of organization, the proper content and methods of instruction, and other matters of importance. It is specially requested that letters be brief; a selection of such letters will be published in an early number. Should any of our correspondents prefer that their identity be not disclosed, their wishes will of course be respected. Our desire is solely to obtain a frank expression of opinion from a body of persons whose judgment in such a matter is entitled to great weight.—[MANAGING EDITOR.

A World Federation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The thoughtful article by George Burton Adams in your issue of April 4 on "The British Empire and a League of Peace" shows a fundamental grasp of the subject and undoubtedly gives expression to what is rapidly becoming the world view as to the next step in the unifying process of the nations of the globe.

But in my judgment Mr. Adams does not clearly visualize the ultimate goal of a world federation, which lies beyond the initial League of Nations. In arguing against a pan-federative form of government of law based on force, he concisely epitomizes his view thus:

> Before we can make any secure advance to a solution of the problem of a workable international union, it must be recognized that the binding force of any alliance cannot be the right of coercion bestowed by legislation or treaty upon a central body, but the common moral force, the moral unity of ideal and purpose, which must underlie any form which ingenuity can devise. A nation, a member of an imperial or a world alliance, cannot be coerced except by the force of opinion. The nation which will not agree to the common judgment of other nations, which will not join in common action, by its refusal declares its independence and throws itself out of the world alliance.

In this passage there is manifested the old-world conception of the absolute sovereignty of every nation independently of every other—that is to say, the logical absurdity that in a world of many nations each can be the highest authority to settle problems affecting all (or some) of them. While this condition exists there can be nothing beyond a mere league or alliance, never a true federation of the nations. There will never be that freedom and safety for every country, large or small, that can only be secured by organized supernational law. It is precisely this fallacy that it is the mission of the United States, as one phase in the evolution of political history, to lay bare; it is precisely this fundamental function which the American Union performs in the great world war, and which is the deepest meaning contributed by America to all time.

By merely substituting the word "nations" for "States," Mr. Adams eloquently voices the exact arguments invoked in 1787 to 1789 against the formation and acceptance of the Constitution of the United States to supersede the inadequate Articles of Confederation, which latter was in reality a mere league instead of an institutionalized Federal Government. And it also voices exactly the discredited contention of the necessity and lawfulness of secession. So far as this country is concerned, Mr. Adams meets his answer at Appomattox. But the United States is a microcosm of what the world must become as a macrocosm. Our federation of States is based on law secured by a power of enforcement. All law must be institutionally enforceable or it is not true law. Mr. Adams now stands as advocating for the world what we stood for from 1776 to 1787, a necessary intermediate step to take, but one that must be followed by a true organized world federation under institutionalized law so far as the activities of nations externally concern each other, but with unrestricted right of internal development and government. We must educate the world to the supernational view—that each unit (nation) must protect and preserve the whole, and that the whole must protect and preserve the freedom of each. Universalize the thought of an "indissoluble union of indestructible states," to take in the entire earth.

As are the States of our Union to our nation, so must the nations of the world be to the supernational federation. Only through an organized, centralized, institutionalized, enforceable world federation, representing all nations, can true freedom for each come. Our own Union, universalized throughout the world, reveals the only true solution.

WILLIAM F. WOERNER

St. Louis, April 24

Trustee or Faculty Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to trustee or faculty control, is not the following, drawn from S. R. Gardiner's brief "Life of Bacon," quite applicable?

> In the *New Atlantis* there are two conspicuous points. On the one hand is the desire to benefit mankind by a science founded on observation and experiment; on the other is the tendency to underestimate the difficulty of the task, which leads to the belief that it can be entrusted to an official body organized for the purpose. If Bacon had been allowed to carry out his scheme, it would probably have been found that officialism would have smothered scientific inquiry. At all events, he reached a somewhat similar result in politics. He had improved the official organization of the state only to find it useless for all good purposes in his hands.

Must we in America, to effect a cure, devise some such system as that prevailing at Athens in Aristotle's time? Naturally, it is not possible for such institutions to be devised. But as between faculty control and trustee control, the argument among us still looks slightly better on the side of the trustees. What a spectacle it is in our country today—that of academic faculties, recruited from our stores,

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farms, and factories, and showing often about as little interest in the people and things of their first youth as in the principles of the New Atlantis itself. Mankind, we know, has a fatal gift for snobbery. We have got to look out, as Mr. Wilson said while yet in quad. Meantime, the commercial snob, it will be admitted on reflection, is greatly to be preferred to the academic snob.

Nor should we forget what Taine said in 1871 of the English and the French education:

> Nous sommes d'hier et ruinés de père en fils par Louis XIV, par Louis XV, par la Révolution, par l'Empire. Nous avions démoli, il a fallu tout refaire à nouveau. Ici la génération suivante ne rompt pas avec la précédente: les réformes se superposent aux institutions, et le présent, appuyé sur le passé, le continue.

A. J. MORRISON

Hampden-Sidney, Va., March 4

Prophecy in Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We do not instinctively turn to textbooks in foreign languages for illustrations of humor or of prophecy, but it is possible to find both in Horne's "Pennsylvania German Manual, for Pronouncing, Speaking and Writing English." The edition of 1896 gives a letter both in Pennsylvania German and in English, ostensibly written to Queen Victoria by the Emperor William and accompanied by woodcuts of both monarchs. The English version follows.

L. M. S.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 24

Berlin, Germany, Jan. 10, 1896.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER:

You must make your people behave themselves better, else it could indeed cause war between the English and the Germans. You have anyhow no business to oppress the poor Boers so hard. They have fought for their land and have earned their liberty. If you English must necessarily steal to pass your time, then steal from larger countries, not from such a poor, weak people that can hardly help themselves. It may be that it is not your own fault; perhaps it is the old, stubborn, thick-headed, red-faced Salisbury who makes you, my dear Grandmother, so much trouble.

What do you think that Uncle Prince of Wales thinks about it? Has he nothing to say? I think he is too busy playing cards, drinking wine and riding in his carriage. Does he play that game yet that they call Packerack? If he does, he should surely quit it immediately. How is it? Is it true that the English want to throw me out of the clubs that I joined when I was in London? What the Devil, do you think, I care whether they throw me out or not? Just tell Uncle Wales that he should get the account of what I owe the clubs for dues and the like and I will pay them right away. But tell him he must send me a receipt, or else they would cheat me yet besides. Such chaps you mustn't trust too far.

And now, Grandmother, one thing more and I am done. Kruger must be supported, and no matter what you say, you may send down as many of your ships as you like. Germany has ships too, and better torpedo boats than England.

You would better not fight so much with words, but keep cool, else there will be war and we will whip you as the Americans have done at times. You must not think that I will not fight because I am married and have a large family to support; especially in winter since it is so cold. Oh no, Grandmother, you are off your base if you think so. This reminds me that I must bring my letter to a close. I must go out to drill my soldiers and get my people ready for a thundering big slaughter, so that when it is necessary we are prepared.

Respectfully,

WILHELM.

Prohibition in Santa Clara

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading your refreshing description of the way in which King Alcohol is keeping cool under the assaults of prohibition, my mind reverted to a book of very superior essays which I have been reading lately. Never in all my reading have I come across such conscious superiority. But if the author is another royalty, he lacks King Alcohol's coolness, and I think of him by contrast. Though he is vaguely rhapsodical over art and beauty, he lays about like a cat in a fit against such things as restraint in literature and morals in politics. He emits this plaintive note: "Between the upper tier of New England and the Potomac River there is not a single prohibition State—but, thereafter, alas, they come in huge blocks."

Since this lament was written several links have been forged to connect the upper tier of New England with the South. Neither art and beauty nor King Alcohol is reasoning well on the facts, which are not affected in the slightest degree by ridicule directed against cranks or solemn appeals to George Washington's distillery. Of all the facts aside from the actual ratification of the prohibition amendment by States not counted in the prohibition column, probably the most significant is this, that men who have never been identified with prohibition as a party policy are now marching by companies in the prohibition ranks. I could give the names of a full company from this little village and the surrounding orchard country. I have just been serving on a grand jury taken from this county (Santa Clara), and I am certain that a very large majority of its nineteen members favor the amendment. The Governor of California, as you know, has endorsed the amendment, and his chief lieutenant in the country is in the movement heart and soul, and is organizing the country for a bone-dry fight.

All these men feel as I do that the elimination of a great social evil is of far greater importance than the maintenance of the personal liberty whose symbols are the cold bottle and the hot toddy. Alas, they have descended from art and beauty to morals, and they never give a thought to George Washington's distillery. With morals they join civic and personal cleanliness. Even at this distance I can smell the saloons of Chicago, where I used to live. And though the saloons of Saratoga were abolished before I came here, their odor is still so strong that a dozen votes could not be secured for their restoration.

SHELDON P. PATTERSON

Saratoga, California, May 8

Contributors to this Issue

RICHARD ROBERTS, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, is a careful student of British social problems.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, author and journalist, was formerly lecturer in modern history at Cornell University.

EDWARD P. BUFFET is a student of the history of religion whose writings appear from time to time in the leading reviews.

"ACADEMICUS" is professor of Latin in an important American university.

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Dogma and History

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your notice of my "Life of John Fiske," in your issue of January 24 last, I must confess you have treated the work with much courtesy and consideration. Indeed, judging the work from your several viewpoints, your criticisms have much to commend them.

But granting this, it does not appear to me that you have grasped the full significance of my purpose in using the great revolution in philosophic and religious thought which came in the middle period of the last century as a background for the intellectual life of Fiske, or that you have given due consideration to Fiske's conception of the function of an historian in presenting the life of a nation or a people.

And first, in regard to my emphasis upon the great conflict in thought which may be said to have definitely begun in the period between 1840 and 1880 between asserted dogma on the one hand and scientific truth on the other. Fiske came to his maturity when this mighty intellectual convulsion was getting under way and he was powerfully affected by it, and I felt I could not do otherwise in presenting the facts of his own life than to sketch as a background this mighty expansion of thought going on all about him. In giving place in this background sketch to the Christian dogmas, I had no idea of appraising their philosophic or religious truth; rather, to treat them justly as outgrown stages of thought in the evolution of philosophico-religious ideas.

Then, too, these dogmas, although fundamentally discredited by science, are by no means discarded now. They are widely upheld to-day by orthodox clergymen, while being tortured into meanings so untrue to their genesis as to be an upsetting influence upon the vital truths of Christianity itself, to such an extent as should cause all religious teachers to pause. Look at Billy Sunday, with his vulgar flouting of scientific truth and his orthodox support. Fiske's experience in emancipating his own mind from this dogmatic tyranny is an experience that has been had by many, and hence I gave it quite fully as a background to the development of his own thought. You do not quarrel with the facts of my presentation; indeed, you admit you might bear with me if I had "deliberately appealed only to the well-informed few among my readers, taken the historical circumstances for granted, and made of Fiske's life at this point a sort of moving picture without a background." This is just what I wished to avoid. Without the dogmatic background we have not the play of Fiske's thought in its true light.

Turning to Fiske as an historian, you admit his great popularity as an historic writer, but say of him that "with the economic or constitutional development, the broad field of international relations or the newer scientific treatment of history, he had no vital contact and little apparent sympathy."

I do not get any such idea of him as an historian, either from his writings or his studies. I find him turning in his studies to all forms of political organization, their growth or decay, with such keen insight into varied social and political phenomena and with such a wealth of historic facts as but few historians have possessed; hence, he has given us historic pages in which the profoundest of historic questions have been so invested with human interest as to have become deeply interesting as literature. Take, for instance, his "Discovery of America," his "American Political Ideas," his "Civil Government in the United States," his "Critical Period in American History," his "Essay on Old and New Ways of Treating History," and on "Parkman as a Historian," and where do you find these subjects treated in "less brilliant but sounder works by other hands"? You say, "If historical writing is primarily a form of literature, then Fiske was a great historian; but if it is more, then his historical works must be classed with the delightful books which it is a pleasure rather than a necessity to read."

It seems to me, however, you fail to recognize Fiske's strongest claim to be an historian—particularly a scientific historian. He was a deep student of sociology before he took up special historic work, and he had given himself to tracing out in various stages of civilization the interplay of the two vital forces of cosmic evolution, differentiation and integration—forces which generate social organisms and hold them together, and which give to nations or peoples their political organizations or governments. In Fiske's mind all governments were growths, and their histories, in the true sense, were to be found in their provisions for the differentiation of their peoples in their rights and their liberties on the one hand, and in their integration for mutual protection on the other. Now, Fiske set out to give the history of the greatest nation of modern times in its sociological genesis and development, its political integration, and its century of political existence. He was enabled to bring the narrative down to the establishment of our present political organization as a great sociological political development in the evolution of humanity.

Have we indication of his intended method of treating the history of the great republic during the first century of its existence? Indeed, we have. In the first place, he regarded the political organization formed as a great arena on which, for the first time in human history, there was to be tried the experiment of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, under the operation or interplay of the two evolutionary sociologic-political principles, differentiation and integration. During the last three years of his life he was pushing his inquiries into the interplay of these two principles as interpretative of the social and political development of the new republic with the deepest research. He found the real issue between Federalism and State rights, between protection and free trade, between internal improvements and private enterprise, as well as the whole slavery issue and the existing struggle between capital and labor, all wrapped up in the interplay of these two evolutionary forces or factors. And here is this significant fact: at the time of his death he was giving particular attention to the decisions of the United States Supreme Court from the beginning; for, as he several times remarked, he found crystallized here as nowhere else the chief interests and characteristics of the American people brought to adjudication under the most equitable system of jurisprudence yet established in human society. Indeed, he once said it would be possible to construct a rational history of the United States from the decisions of its Supreme Court alone.

The lesson which Fiske's histories teach is, that the key to a nation's history is to be found in its provisions for the interplay of the evolutionary forces which make for growth through social and political differentiation and integration. It is because this truth is made so clear that his histories are so readily understood and so widely read.

John Spencer Clark

Boston, April 9

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The Spirit Legion

By MAXWELL ANDERSON

THE vague white wind
That blows in gusts
From men who are dying,
From armies long dead,
Has touched our shores
And stirred our banners
Where all eyes were heavy
And all hands numb.

Forms we watched
So easily striding
To meet adventure
Beyond strange seas
Return in vision
Stern, importunate,
Judging, demanding—
The asking dead.

Burned free, burned clear
Of wrath or envy,
In spirit rising
From ash and flame,
Young ghosts come back
With grave, keen faces
To view our profits,
To question the end.

They will shrivel old oaths,
They will char old treaties,
The old ways shall wither
Under perceant eyes;
As we love them dead
Will they cleanse us living;
We shall feel their lightning
Though blind, long blind.

BOOKS

A Man of Peace and War

Men in War. By Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

SOMETIMES the compelling spirit within a man forces him to write, and a genuine book is born. The soul of Andreas Latzko has been stirred to its depths by the horror, the madness, the brutality of the present gigantic conflict, and he has here painted a picture of war as he sees it with such poignant feeling and such vivid art that no one who reads these passages, glowing with passion for outraged humanity, will ever quite forget them.

In the war of the books—that blurred and distorted reflection of the great war—far above the appalling army of little profiteers that have commercialized a tragic spectacle for their own glorification or cheapened its tragedy by acrid recrimination, stand the stern figures of two soldiers, Henri Barbusse and Andreas Latzko, who have written from actual experience and have yet maintained the spirit of common brotherhood and a profound sense of pity and justice. The French newspaper man who became a poilu inscribed "Le Feu" to the memory of the comrades who fell at his side. The Austrian officer has dedicated "Menschen im Krieg" "To Friend and Foe" alike. There is hope, perhaps, in the attitude of these soldiers when the shrill acrimony of civilian fighters brings despair.

Latzko's volume is a conscious protest against war in every line, whereas in Barbusse's story of a squad the general revolt becomes articulate only in that last moving chapter when the men cry out: "Il ne faut qu'il y ait de guerre après celle-là. . . . Deux armées qui se battent, c'est comme une grande armée qui se suicide!" In each of Latzko's six episodes of war—for the book is a collection of episodes related only by their common horror of war—a different phase of the struggle is described. "Off to War," "Baptism of Fire," "The Victor," "My Comrade," "A Hero's Death," "Home Again"—the very titles almost tell the tale of campaign experiences, the advance under fire, the harrowing strain of trench warfare, the bloody carnage of open attack, the torture in the hospitals, and the final return of shattered wrecks, broken or brutalized for life. The author's method is artistically simple. He does not strive for the realistic completeness of Barbusse, who aimed to give the life of a common soldier day by day, but for emotional continuity. This is impressionistic realism—the ugly, ruthless, sordid spectacle of war seen through flashes of lightning, its bitter misery painted in high lights with no softening shadows.

In "Baptism of Fire," the contrast between the two types of soldier, the born "hunter of men" for whom war is life, and the humane, sympathetic officer for whom it is madness, is as vivid as the picture of the insane joy of the men in an exposed trench outpost who are saved by a relief party when only thirty-one out of one hundred and sixty-four survive. The description of the advancing Italian regiment, attacked by liquid fire, in its grotesquely terrible dance of death, is unforgettable. "The Victor," showing a great general behind the front, surrounded by his young officers avid of life, in the peaceful little city with its artificial prosperity springing from the army quartered there, is so surcharged with bitterness that the wonder grows how it evaded the censorship. "My Comrade" is the story of an officer gone mad from horror, like the hero of Andreyev's "The Red Laugh," who must write forever and from his cell consign his leaves to the wind to tell the world what war is. "A Hero's Death"—a grewsome allegory in which the dying hero sees that none of the enthusiasts for war has his own thinking head on his shoulders, but only a talking machine that plays one record unceasingly, the national hymn—in its devastating irony recalls Miss Ellen La Motte's "Backwash of War," as does the ruthless objectivity of "Home Again." Latzko knows the peasant psychology, and he reveals its cruelty and its brutality in this story of the handsome peasant with the soul of a flunky, who returns home a disfigured wreck, flouted and scorned by the village beauty who is prospering in the munitions factory under the patronage of the gentlemanly proprietor.

But all this is an old story, told before by others, though never with such fiery passion. An entirely new note is heard in "Off to War," in the arraignment of women as the beings most responsible for the continuance of war. Here is no glorification of the "plucky" woman. The young lieutenant, who in civil life was a composer, in discussing what was the most terrible thing about war, speaks thus:

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You want to know what was the most awful thing?—To find out that the women are horrible.—That was the surprise! That they gave us up—that they sent us—*sent* us! . . . No general could have made us go if the women hadn't allowed us to be stacked on the trains, if they had screamed that they would never look at us again if we turned into murderers! . . . We were expected to be gentle and considerate! . . . And all at once, because the fashion changed, they had to have murderers! . . . Once they had the chance to protect us, but all they cared about was being in style. . . . Have you never heard of the suffragettes who . . . set fire to museums and let themselves be chained to lampposts for the sake of the vote? For the sake of the vote, do you hear? But for the sake of their men? No. Not one sound! Not one single outcry! . . . Have you heard of one woman throwing herself in front of a train for the sake of her husband? . . . Not one fought for us or defended us. Not one moved a finger for us in the whole wide world!

Here is a point of view not likely to win popularity, but this warrior seems to care less to inspire heroism than to represent things as he sees them. He rails at the "silly, high-flown, patriotic talk," and discusses quite frankly, too, other psychological effects of war on womankind, not wholly to their advantage. Militarists and pacifists, profiteers and their victims, men and women will find food for thought in this revelation of a soul sickened by the war and will doubtless rejoice that this revolt from the pernicious militarist system has been voiced by the enemy.

Books for the Blind

Le Livre de l'Aveugle. By G. Pérouze.
La Bibliothèque des Aveugles. By André Dreux.

IN a short time we, too, like the warring nations of Europe, shall be confronted with the practical problem of the care of the blinded soldier and his reëstablishment in the ranks of the self-supporting citizen. It is well to prepare in advance to solve the problem by following out lines already traced by our allies.

No country has done more for the blind than France. Valentin Haüy (1745–1822) first began the systematic training of the blind, and a Frenchman, Louis Braille (1809–1852), invented the famous alphabet that bears his name, which has made it not only possible but easy for the blind to read. There is, therefore, a special interest for us Americans to-day in two little books recently published by the Association Valentin Haüy.

The first of these, "Le Livre de l'Aveugle," by G. Pérouze, deals with the evolution of the blind man's book, from the first attempt of Valentin Haüy to the latest product of the Braille press or stereotyping machine. It is a succinct and clear little manual, packed with information. It shows us the Braille alphabet, to the inexperienced a mere cryptogram of little dots, but really so simple that a blind child of average intelligence can master it in a few hours. This alphabet, moreover, serves not only for all languages living and dead, but for musical notation and the expression of mathematical formulæ. There are two methods of using the alphabet in the production of books; the typographic, by means of movable types, each separate type showing both the letter of the normal alphabet and its corresponding sign in Braille, and the stereotyping method, by which a metal plate—copper or zinc—is embossed by machinery with the Braille characters. It is flattering to our national pride to note that it was an American, Hall, who in 1892 invented the first Braille typewriter and also the machine for reproducing Braille by the stereotyping method described above.

In spite, however, of all inventions, the production of books for the blind is a slow and costly process. A special kind of paper is needed, tough, thick, and flexible. The size of a Braille volume is almost appalling compared with its prototype in normal characters. An illustration shows us a little pocket edition of "Ivanhoe," over against the fifteen thick volumes which this work fills in the Braille. Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal" fills sixty; the "Mémoires" of the Duchess d'Abrantès the amazing number of one hundred and thirty. It is not surprising, then, to learn that the actual number of Braille books printed and for sale in France and Switzerland is less than five hundred. The demand, of course, for any one work in Braille is extremely limited. A book is thought to be doing quite as well as could be expected if it sells at the rate of one hundred to one hundred and fifty copies in ten years. It is plain that the process of Braille printing can never be put on a purely commercial basis. Charity, the willing heart and the practiced hand, must come to the rescue if the blind man is to have his books.

André Dreux's "La Bibliothèque des Aveugles" opens with Pierre Loti's tender and tragic tale of Georges Lormont, the little Vendean peasant soldier in a hospital with bandages about his head, waiting for the hour when he may remove them and once more look upon the sun. M. Loti tells us as only M. Loti can how the boy removed them one day and looked —only to find that there was no sun henceforth for him forevermore, only a horror of darkness. And in words that thrill and tremble with his own passionate sympathy M. Loti goes on to tell how the blind boy was found, comforted, and carried through the first dreadful hours by his nurse, the white-haired Duchess whom he only knew as "Madame Paule," who had herself a son at the front on whom at any hour this fate might fall.

M. Dreux takes us in his first chapter to visit the library of the Association Valentin on a Wednesday afternoon, when the blind come from all over Paris to exchange the books they have borrowed. The librarian is blind from birth; all his assistants are blind; but they have a complete knowledge of the contents of the library and of the position of each book. All catalogues are on cards stamped with Braille, all the alcoves and shelves are labelled with Braille placards. It is possible for a blind person to consult books in the library itself, but as a rule books are borrowed for a period of a fortnight. The demand is lively and of the most varied type; a blind girl borrows a novel, a blind student gets a copy of Cæsar, an elderly gentleman exchanges a volume on chemistry for an "Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine." In a single afternoon requests are made for such varied books and authors as the Bible, Balzac, Brunetière, Dostoievsky, Sophocles, Turgeniev, and Taine. The library contains at present 12,000 works (50,000 volumes) and is growing rapidly, though by no means in proportion to its demands.

The necessity for a central lending library for the blind is perhaps hardly realized in this country. The prices of Braille books are almost prohibitive, a fact due to the expense of production and the limited demand; a catechism, for example, which normally costs but a few pennies, in the Braille sells for five francs fifty centimes; an edition of a classical play such as may be had in any book-shop for twenty-five centimes costs the blind man six francs. Even the well-to-do blind who can afford the luxury of purchase are debarred from acquiring anything like a library by the enor-

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mous shelf space demanded by the Braille books in comparison with others. It is not generally realized that a Braille book occupies something like sixty times as much space as its counterpart in type. The Braille editions of "Monte Cristo" and "Les Misérables," for example, run to forty-four and forty volumes respectively.

The most appealing chapter of the book deals with the growth of this library through the work of volunteer copyists. To promote and encourage this work has been the special task of M. de la Sizeranne, under whose direction the library has increased from some eleven hundred volumes in 1895 to fifty thousand in 1917. The great majority of these books have come from the hands of individual copyists. A busy bureau in the Valentin Haüy Association has charge of this work, gives the first necessary instructions to volunteers, corrects their first imperfect attempts, suggests appropriate works to be copied, and spurs the flagging zeal of those whose early enthusiasm has begun to wane. The work of copying, performed by means of the slate and stylus, invented along with the alphabet by Louis Braille, is by no means difficult and far less tedious than one would imagine. With a little practice one can achieve five or six pages an hour; twelve to fifteen if one substitutes the Braille machine for handwork. One heroic copyist has turned in to the library a book of one hundred and fourteen volumes, the work of three years, and is engaged on another of ninety volumes. Naturally all the volunteers are not capable of such exertions; but in the year 1913–14 there were five hundred copyists who turned in one volume apiece; one hundred who finished a volume each month, and twenty who managed to do twenty to thirty volumes in the year. Even children can be taught not only to do but to take real pleasure in this work. Among the volunteers working for the Valentin Haüy there are two children of six and eight who have contributed several volumes of a children's classic, "La Semaine de Susette," to the library. Altogether the Valentin Haüy reckons at present nearly three thousand persons in the ranks of its volunteer copyists.

How do things stand with us in America? Our collections of books for the blind are exceedingly limited. We are said to have possessed up to 1914 the largest number of machine-embossed books in the world, but in view of the increased output of the English press in the last years this probably is no longer true. And even if it were, the great majority of books in the Valentin Haüy library are not printed, but hand-embossed. Up till quite lately our books for the blind have been printed in various types; the recent official adoption of the European Braille should mean a great step in the increased production of such books, especially as there is hope of large increase in the Federal appropriation for the presses of the various schools. There is, however, much work in the way of copying shorter pieces, chapters from the Bible, for example, hymns, poems, tales of travel and adventure, that is suitable rather for hand-work than the press. It is a characteristic American tendency to prefer the machine-made article, but surely we have learned during the war that it is not only possible but necessary to supplement the machine with the working hand.

It should be easy, one thinks, for those connected with our schools for the blind or at the head of our libraries for the blind to guide some portion of our growing desire to aid in "war work" along the lines so well described by M. Dreux; to enlist and train, here as in France, a little army of Braille copyists. In Sweden, we learn from Mrs. Morris, the wife of our Minister to that country, copying in Braille has become as popular as knitting. No work could be more blessed in the happiness it will bring to the most sorely wounded; a book for the blind will rank with the cup of cold water in the last great reckoning.

An Inspired Teacher

Louis Agassiz as a Teacher: Illustrative Extracts on his Method of Instruction with an Introductory Note. By Lane Cooper. Ithaca: The Comstock Publishing Company. $1 net.

WHEN Louis Agassiz was asked what he regarded as his greatest work, he replied: "I have taught men to observe," and the compiler of this admirable little volume is convinced that the methods of Agassiz in the natural sciences should be applied to the humanities. "It is simply a fact," he says, "that, reduced to its simplest terms, there is but a single method of investigating the objects of natural science and the productions of human genius. We study a poem, the work of man's art, in the same way that Agassiz made Shaler study a fish, the work of God's art; the object in either case is to discover the relation between form or structure and function or essential effect. It was no chance utterance of Agassiz when he said that a year or two of natural history, studied as he understood it, would give the best kind of training for any other sort of mental work."

To follow Professor Cooper further: the parts of a living animal are to be compared with words, the vital elements of language, which, he contends, should be studied as an organism; attention is further directed to the following Platonian precept: "Every discourse ought to be a living creature, having a body of its own, and a head and feet"; there should be further a "middle, beginning, and end, adapted to one another and to the whole." This excellent rule is consistently followed by the author, who begins with some account of Agassiz at Neuchâtel and Harvard, devotes four sections to the personal experiences of several of Agassiz's distinguished pupils, Professors Shaler, Verrill, Wilder, and Scudder, as told by themselves, and closes with some interesting notes upon Agassiz's personality, his *obiter dicta,* and his methods of instruction.

While we believe that the author is pressing an analogy of doubtful pedagogical value, his efforts are thoroughly praiseworthy, and American students and teachers of the present generation can never know too much of the great Swiss American, to whose inspired leadership and public activities all devotees of the natural sciences owe more than they realize. There is no doubt that Agassiz's wonderful power lay mainly in his remarkable personality, a force which no money could buy and which no methods or dictates could impart; shorn of this, his researches might have been admirable, but his feet would have been of clay. A born leader and inspirer of men, his winning ways were combined with an enthusiasm which was infectious and an intellectual force seldom equalled.

The teachings of modern psychology tend to show that the mind can run effectively upon but one track at a time, and that to become a good observer in definite fields the mental powers must be trained, and the interest centred, on each field in succession. It is better, perhaps, that this should be so, for it puts a check on superficial study and the ten-

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dency to a fatal versatility. While certain tools and methods are common to every field of investigation, mastery is never attained without a sustained interest, and a knowledge derived from the experience of others as well as that of the worker himself.

Many examples could be given of students who are oblivious of all subjects, however closely related, which happen to lie beyond the range of their immediate vision—of botanists who pay no heed to animals, of zoölogists who scarcely know one tree from another, of physicists to whom the world of animal life seems as remote as to a possible inhabitant of Mars; yet all have undergone disciplines supposed to train the general powers of observation. Even Agassiz, with all his mastery over glacial geology, ichthyology, and the morphology of marine invertebrates, seems to have paid but little attention to the quadrupeds or mammals; when he visited Charleston in 1848, John Bachman, "pointing to the skin of a fox, said playfully, 'Agassiz, you know that fellow?' 'No,' replied the naturalist in perfect candor. 'Why,' exclaimed Bachman, 'that is the fox of your own native forests.'" "Alas!" cried the Charleston divine, who was then engaged with Audubon upon "The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America," "Agassiz cannot help us. He knows nothing about quadrupeds."

Method is subordinate to power, and any method which educates students of whatever class is an instrument which no true teacher will despise. Moreover, no one will doubt that had Agassiz ever applied his wonderfully endowed and well-ordered mind to the study of mammals or even of linguistics, he would have attained success, equal, perhaps, to that which he actually won in glacial geology, ichthyology, and the embryology of invertebrates.

France and Humanity

The French Miracle and French Civilization: Two Essays. By Victor Giraud. Translated by H. P. Thieme and W. A. McLaughlin. University of Michigan. 75 cents net.

THEY who have done this book love France and would serve her. They have done well. The author's writing is a crown of honor for his country; the work of the translators has singular clearness and beauty. The first of these essays, published not long after France saved herself at the Marne, has all the excellence of form which one expects in French writing. It is like some splendid oration pronounced after mighty deed in classic city of olden time. It does not fail to suggest the grand exaltation and praise which the greatest of Greek historians ascribes to the greatest statesman of Athens. The second essay, more recently done, and less appealing to the heart, attempts to portray the spirit of French civilization and explain those things which make it of such priceless worth to mankind.

"Lest we forget. It is the story of yesterday and yet it seems the story of ages ago." So he begins, and we pause once more to go back to that unforgettable time when war came like a bolt from on high, and so much seemed about to be sent down to ruin. Not four years have gone, but that time seems a distant past. In France then the land was rent by dissensions of party; men's minds were beclouded; there was passion and scandal. Perhaps most people believed that France was decadent; and some who had hope for the future were in doubt, or resigned to wait long. Then the awful menace, and suddenly differences vanished and most of the faults seemed to pass. But united as she was, and with friends coming up to assist her, could France hold back the foe? Did she possess the physical strength? She had a great leader; her officers and men were filled with a holy spirit; but the odds were too much against her. "Mathematically, if you will allow me to say so, we ought to have been conquered." Then came a day when Paris learned that the danger was passing, as long before when barbarian hordes turned from the city to the fateful field of Châlons. That morning in September Paris understood the mystery of her deliverance no more than when Attila vanished. "They say that even our own Joffre himself does not understand it." Supreme was the skill of the leaders—historians hereafter may say that this victory was one of the greatest works of the genius of France; the soldiers' valor was that of their best old renown; they were fighting for all they could fight for; and yet the result does indeed seem a miracle. If they had failed! What retrogression it would have been for a Frenchman of to-day to become a German! "What Frenchman would have found any joy thereafter in life?"

> Oh, you young men, lying in the plains of the Marne, of Alsace, or of Flanders, you have given your lives heroically for that great work of reparation, to create a larger France, a France respected by the world and in perfect unity in a purified Europe where peace reigns. This spectacle which you will not see we want to last in the world for ages . . . your blood shall not have been shed in vain. . . .

In the second essay the author says that the original and fundamental quality of French civilization, its constant tradition, is humanity. It is of man that French writers think first and strive most to know. They love to consider human questions, social or moral. This spirit is manifest in the old national epic, "Chanson de Roland," in the "Essays" of Montaigne, in the tragic writing of Corneille, in Pascal's "Pensées," in the comedy of Molière, and in Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois." "French literature is human because it studies man; it is human because it incessantly provokes and places in the foreground the most important questions which interest man." The same quality pervades French philosophy and religion.

More than other nations France may glory in not having separated her cause from that of civilization. Not always has this been evident to others; but when the Germans advanced by forced marches on Paris, when for a moment it seemed that the Pan-German plan might succeed with the dismemberment, if not the disappearance, of France, then there was everywhere anguish and fright. "As in a flash of lightning, the world saw all the work of French civilization in the past, it realized the salutary and unique influence of that civilization, and it was with a sort of terrible awe that it faced the distant future with the thought that France could give no aid."

Many have felt what the author says in conclusion:

> France has never been able to believe that force alone . . . could be the last word in the affairs of this world. . . . A world in which flourished the systematic and unreasoning abuse of brute force, pedantic formalism, bureaucratic haughtiness, fatuous and so-called scientific ugliness, and a taste for the "Kolossal" would seem to her the most hateful of hells. What others call *Kultur* she calls by its true name, Barbarism. In contrast to this barbarism, the more barbarous because scientific, French civilization stands out clearly, trait for trait, in constant opposition. France means liberty, lovable grace, a sense of proportion, courtesy, discretion, refinement—France means indulgence, pity, charity—in a word, France means humanity.

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Gold and Iron

Gold and Iron. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Nocturne. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

OF the three extended short stories or "novelettes" which make up Mr. Hergesheimer's new volume, "Gold and Iron," the middle one, "Tubal Cain," has to do with the theme and setting that may be recognized as his special property. They are the theme and setting of "The Three Black Pennys": a localism or regionalism already studied in perspective; human nature and action among a sturdy though long extinct race, the independent "ironmasters" of Pennsylvania. "The Three Black Pennys" may be recalled as in reality a group of tales interpreting three episodes in the history of a family, an industry, and, one may say, a nation. It is historical fiction in a real sense. And yet, though its effect is utterly different from that of "costume" fiction, its fidelity to costume and atmosphere is one of its extraordinary qualities. The story-teller easily transports his readers from the present to the exact period out of the past in which his fancy for the moment moves. His people wear the dress and use the accent of the eighteenth or the nineteenth century as their own; and we seem to recognize them and their manners as our own in some earlier phase—the phase of the miniature or the silhouette or the daguerreotype; which somehow ceases to be a quaint relic on the wall and becomes a living thing. His characters step out of their frames with a casual and comfortable air of being right and to-date, down to the last detail. "She wore an India muslin dress, wide with crinoline, embroidered in flowers of blue and green worsted, and a flapping rice-straw hat draped in blond lace. Her face was pointed and alert. . . . Once Hulings caught her glance, and her eyes seemed black and—and—impertinent." So the girl Gisela is presented in "Tubal Cain"—and there we have her. In the same way of brief allusion—a tune, a fragment of political gossip, a piece of furniture, an attitude of mind—the past quietly reassumes its right to be the present, and we are content. Instance the moment of Hulings's loitering outside the gay ballroom at the famous Mineral Springs: "Without the colonnade towered against a sky bright with stars; the night was warm and still. Alexander Hulings was lonely; he attempted to detain the acquaintance met in the bar, but the other, bearing a great bouquet of rosebuds in a lace-paper cone, hurried importantly away. A subdued baritone was singing: 'Our Way Across the Mountain, Ho!' The strains of a waltz, the Carlotta-Grisi, drifted out, and a number of couples answered its invitation." Of the two other tales, "Wild Oranges" is a not very successful or sincere attempt to do a Conradian romance of the southern seas. Its thrills are claptrap, and its crucial struggle between the hero and the maniac a labored artifice. The third, "The Dark Fleece," a tale of an old New England coast town in the late fifties, is far better. It is the story of the return of a successful forty-niner to the grim, prim town of his boyhood.

In "Nocturne" the author of "The Chaste Wife" and "The Happy Family" appears, as Mr. H. G. Wells declares in his enthusiastic Introduction, to have ended "a brilliant apprenticeship" and become a "Master"—his own master, at all events. "This is a book that will not die," says our enthusiast. "It is perfect, authentic, and alive." Mr. Wells confesses that as a writer he belongs to one school and as a reader to another. "It is always about life being altered I write, or about people developing schemes for altering life. . . . Such a writer as Mr. Swinnerton, on the contrary, sees life and renders it with a steadiness and detachment and patience quite foreign to my disposition. He has no underlying motive. He sees and tells. His aim is the attainment of that beauty which comes with exquisite presentation." Now we assent to this will-to-be-neutral in Mr. Swinnerton; but we do not at all agree that his merit lies in his absolute attainment of what Mr. Wells calls a "clear, detached objectivity." For the exquisiteness of his presentation cannot be detached from the exquisiteness of his matter. This is a story of adventure in a Cockney household during a few hours of a London night. It is not at all a slice-of-life presentment. The action, for all its elements of commonplace, is tense and dramatic, and hangs upon a firm-knit fabric of "coincidence." It happens to be on this night that the bickering of the sisters leads to the discovery of Emmy's passion for the young man who has been "going" with Jenny. It happens to be on this night that the young man comes with two theatre tickets (with which the night has provided him); and that Jenny, in a moment of generous affection for Emmy, manages that she shall be his companion. It happens to be on this night that Jenny's rebellion against the dulness of existence comes to a head; and that, at the height of her mood, comes a summons from the half-declared lover who has philandered with her on a holiday and kept her heart. . . . It happens that the yacht of which he is captain is in London, for this one night. In short, this narrative is a very carefully and artfully constructed tale, in so far as the overt action is concerned. When, however, we come to the inner action, the drama springing from all this circumstance as it works upon the human souls of our little Cockney household, we are upon a plane as near that of "detached objectivity," perhaps, as art may inhabit. Of the "characterization," the veritable presence of these people and their right to be with us, there is not a moment's doubt from our first sight of Jenny homing in her tramcar over Westminster Bridge. The two sisters, so different in nature, jarring at most points, and yet with deep affection underlying their daily bickerings; Alf, the dull and solid Cockney whom nature and opportunity turn so readily from capricious Jenny to the Emmy who will take so much better care of his pipe and his slippers; Keith the brilliant, the loving, and, alas for Jenny, the irresponsible; above all, "Pa," the stricken and the irrepressible, the tedious and the adored—these persons ask no favors, they simply take possession, and we are theirs till they choose to let us go. And this is the quality of their lovable humanity as well as of their workmanship. Mr. Wells would have made the sisters hate each other and despise the father, because Mr. Wells hates to see people tied down by family obligations and habits. He would have made Alf a "comic," and Keith a witty blade; and he would have intimated that it didn't matter much how far matters went between Keith and Jenny, together that evening on the yacht, since it was no worse for one than for the other. But Mr. Swinnerton, whose first master was Gissing, has fairly escaped into a clearer air. He "presents" life, not as the laboriously indifferent or contemptuous showmen do, but as the artist does. His narrative has no gloss; but it is animated by a gentleness, a tenderness even, that colors and enriches and humanizes its whole texture.

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Notes

IN the near future E. P. Dutton & Company will publish "The Schemes of the Kaiser," by Madame Adam; "Early English Adventures in the East," by Arnold Wright.

The following books are announced for immediate publication by Houghton Mifflin Company: "John Pory's Lost Description of Plymouth County," edited by Champlin Burrage; Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face"; and Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

THE versatility of Mr. W. L. George, the successful novelist, would inevitably lead him to share with us his convictions about the novel. Of these he has delivered himheld in almost enough words to fill a volume, "Literary Chapters" (Little, Brown; $1.50 net). To give full measure to the American audience he has in mind he has added papers on more speculative topics, as the universal principles of art or the sad outlook for artistic genius. Those who have chuckled over "The Intelligence of Women" may rub their eyes over his impatience with the feminine reading public to which he finds the novelist confined or his outspoken disgust with the unflattering popular opinion of his profession. "The Second Blooming" shows that he is not content to be the idle singer of an empty day. With his brotherhood, he declares, "it goes hard with Edwin and Angeline. We have no more time to tell that love; we need to break up their simple story to consider whether they are eugenically fitted for each other, and whether their marriage settlement has a bearing upon national finance." Interesting indeed are the professions of faith by one who finds "more that is honest and hopeful in a single page of 'Tono Bungay' than in all the great Victorians put together." Refreshing, too, is the criticism of fellow-practitioners of the school that tries to make life vivid and believes "life is most vivid when it is most unpleasant." Yet he finds even the foremost disciples of Wells guilty of monotony and of indulging too much in autobiographic disclosures. Even those readers who seek in novels an escape from the unlovely facts of life into a land of ideal sentiment will yet smile over many a page, for Mr. George delights in a pungent style. In spite of his diffuseness, in numberless paragraphs irony and sarcasm sparkle, and caustic phrases reveal the master of innuendo.

"RUSSIA as I Know It" (Lippincott; $3 net), by Harry de Windt, is not an interpretation, but a mass of concrete facts observed by a practical Britisher and recorded in dry, matter-of-fact prose. In his political views Mr. de Windt is a Conservative, an adherent of the old régime and of the last Czar. Years ago the author was commissioned by the Russian Government to visit Siberian prisons and to report on the exile system. The report was in such contrast with the observations of Mr. George Kennan that the disinterestedness of Mr. de Windt's views was gravely debated in the English press. We may overlook, however, the author's political opinions and appreciate his latest book for its positive value of information. An experienced traveller and globe-trotter, Mr. de Windt has gained access to some remote tribes in Arctic Siberia and has recorded interesting traits from the life of Chukchi, Samoyeds, Yakuts, Ostyaks, and other little-known Asiatics. The chapter on religious sects, in addition to such familiar creeds as the Dukhobory, Molokane, Skoptsi, and Khlysty, describes the less-known Shamans of the tundras and the Napoleonists of the Lake Baikal, who worship the spirit of the great French Emperor. The author dwells also on "civilized Siberia," on its commercial and manufacturing centres, and on its opportunities for foreigners. With the latter point of view in mind, Mr. de Windt has made a study of other portions of the quondam Empire; a mass of practical information can be gathered from the chapters on Petrograd, Moscow, Finland, Little Russia, Caucasia, and the Crimea. The vivid descriptions of various classes of people met by the writer are very entertaining though shallow and often incorrect. For instance, he still speaks about that ancient myth, the Nihilist.

"THE President's Control of Foreign Relations" (Princeton University Press; $1.50 net), by Professor Edward S. Corwin, is a useful compilation of extracts from Congressional debates, opinions of Attorneys-General, Presidential messages, and other sources, illustrative of the growth and scope of the President's diplomatic powers. Of the debates the most important is the one which took place early in 1906 between Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, over the constitutional questions raised by Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous course in Panama, Santo Domingo, and elsewhere; while of the other documents the most significant is the early discussion of executive powers by Hamilton and Madison, over the pen-names of "Pacificus" and "Helvidius." The extracts, informingly connected by brief narrative or comment, go to show that the doctrine of executive prerogative in foreign relations has involved

> an unlimited discretion in the President in the recognition of new governments and states; an undefined authority in sending special agents abroad, of dubious diplomatic status, to negotiate treaties or for other purposes; a similarly undefined power to enter into compacts with other governments without the participation of the Senate; the practically complete and exclusive discretion in the negotiation of more formal treaties, and in their final ratification; the practically complete and exclusive initiative in the official formulation of the nation's foreign policy.

To this have been added the enhanced war powers due in part to the influence of Lincoln's assumption of executive authority in his rôle of commander-in-chief, and in part to "our proximity to weak, disorderly neighbors, who demand rough handling occasionally, but are rarely worth a real war." Whatever our democratic trend in other directions, one-man power in diplomacy has been not only maintained, but strengthened. From Professor Corwin's allusion, in a closing paragraph, to the critics of "secret diplomacy," we infer that this outcome seems to him quite what it should be.

THE members of the Department of the History of Religions at the University of Pennsylvania gave a series of lectures last year on the Religions of the World. The lectures roused so much "enthusiasm and interest" (according to the preface) that it was decided to publish them in book form. The result is a volume entitled "Religions of the Past and Present" (Lippincott), in which thirteen religions are treated in 425 pages. It is a little uncertain just what this book is supposed to do or to whom it is addressed. The uncertainty, in fact, seems to have been felt by most of the lecturers themselves and is reflected in their work. Un-

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decided whether to instruct the beginner or edify the learned, they have, as a rule, done neither. There are, indeed, exceptions. Professor Jastrow, for example, takes nothing for granted on the part of his readers and presents a straightforward, entirely elementary, but none the less interesting, account of the religion of Babylonia and Assyria. This is plainly what all the writers should have done if the book was to be made of value to the beginner—and how so short a book on such a subject could be of much value to any one else it is hard to see. As most of the contributors have followed a more vacillating course, the volume cannot be compared in value to Professor Moore's "History of Religions" or to De La Saussaye's "Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte." In fact, the wicked critic will be likely to suggest that the chief purpose in publishing the lectures was not to enlighten any one in particular, but to advertise the Department of Religions in the University of Pennsylvania—a department which the advertisement on the cover assures us is one "of remarkable strength and variety." In spite of the department's "variety," however, the book it has produced has one odd limitation in plan, which indicates again the uncertainty of its purpose. While it dips into most things from Magic to Mediæval Christianity, and devotes one entire chapter to so obscure a religion as that of the ancient Teutons, it has nothing to say of Confucius or Lao-tze, not a word about the Chinese state religion, Taoism, Shinto, or the Buddhism of China and Japan. The title of the book is, therefore, a bit misleading and might well have been reworded to read, Some Religions We have Known and Like to Talk About. Not that the book is without its merits. As was to have been expected, it shows insight and sound judgment, based upon mature scholarship, and it contains several good sketches and happy characterizations. But when eleven distinguished professors collaborate, one expects something distinctly better than is here presented.

"AGRICULTURE After the War" (Dutton; $1.25 net), by A. D. Hall, F.R.S., is devoted to a consideration of the immediate and the future needs of British agriculture. The author is one of the English "Development Commissioners" and was a member of the Committee on Food Production presided over by Lord Milner. He has given much thought to the serious food problems which have confronted the political economists in the British Isles, not merely in these days of war, but during the years preceding it. He has watched with great interest and alarm the steady decline for forty years of gross production from British soil. He gives due credit to exceptional advances, for instance, in fruit-growing and market gardening, but he notes with dismay the progressive conversion of arable land into grass land. This loss of arable acreage has resulted in a decline of the gross output of food and has been accompanied by a diminution in the number of men employed in agriculture. It is stated that 100 acres of arable land will employ as many as four men, while 200 or 300 acres of grazing land can be looked after by one man. During the forty years under review, 261,000 men have left agriculture, seven men for each hundred acres that have been laid down to grass. But this loss has been greater than the census shows; the best and most active laborers have been the ones to go into other occupations; and hence the average quality of the laborers has deteriorated. On the other hand, there has been a distinct improvement in certain farming operations through the introduction of labor-saving devices. Condensing Mr. Hall's proposals, we find them as follows: (1.) Grow at home a larger proportion of the food to be consumed. This will effect a national insurance in time of war; it will reduce foreign indebtedness; it will increase the agricultural population. To effect this: (2.) Put more land under the plough. (3.) This will require aid by the state. (4.) Establish industrialized farms, obtaining scientific management and coöperation, and intensify reclamation of waste areas. (5.) Increase the arable land to the point reached in 1872. This would, under improved methods, bring the wheat yield up to 10 per cent. of the total amount required. (6.) Adopt some system of protective duties. Here the author walks very cautiously and admits that the final solution of this difficulty is for the state to become the ultimate landowner. The state must guarantee a minimum price for wheat and a minimum wage for laborers. Mr. Hall says that he does not put forward these proposals in the interests of the agricultural classes as such, nor in those of any particular party within the nation. Our readers will judge for themselves whether any of these suggestions are applicable to our own country and times.

FOR training the powers of observation and for cultivating the ability to classify natural objects, mineralogy is unrivalled among the sciences. It has almost the precision of mathematics and appeals also to the student's appreciation of beauty in color and form. Minerals, moreover, embrace the original sources of all of the useful metals and of all other inorganic substances, so that applications in the arts are always at the teacher's command with which to fix the student's interest. Prof. William S. Bayley's "Descriptive Mineralogy" (Appleton; $3.50 net) contains descriptions of approximately three hundred and seventy of the one thousand known species of minerals, and is therefore rather longer and more complete than the usual elementary manual, in which two hundred species make up a fairly thorough course. Previous training in crystallography is assumed; thorough preparatory training in chemistry and to a less degree in physics is also essential. Granted these preliminaries, the subject is presented with a good grasp of the associations, uses, and striking features of the species described.

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Art

In Tribute to the Art and Enterprise of France

FRANCE has done many astonishing things since the beginning of the war, but none more astonishing than her organization in the harrowing autumn of 1914 of a French and Belgian Section of Art for the San Francisco Exposition. Her allies were too busy to trouble themselves officially about art, but, though the enemy was on her soil, France managed to get together a collection of the work of not only her own artists, but also the artists of Belgium, a nation that had ceased to exist except in name. This is the collection shown during the last three months at the Brooklyn Museum, the first time in the East.

The collection is partly retrospective, partly contemporary. That neither series is complete is not to be wondered at, the wonder being that both should be as representative as they are. M. Bénédite, in an Introduction to the Catalogue, dates the retrospective series from 1870, a year he thinks as decisive in the history of French art as 1789, 1830, 1848. However this may be, about 1870 the name Impressionism began to be given to the movement led by Manet and Monet, the most important of the second half of the nineteenth century. The few paintings by the Impressionists may not explain their aims and objects, their preoccupation with problems of light and atmosphere, to the student who does not know their history, but to all who do know, each of the few is a delightful landmark, and, in the pleasure of seeing it again, history may be cheerfully forgotten. The one Manet, The Balcony, is less characteristic of him as the Impressionist than as the master of paint he was at every stage of his career. You feel its beautiful quality, its subtlety, in passages as broadly handled as the green railing of the balcony or as delicately rendered as the white gowns of the two women behind it. And though at first there seems no design, yet if you look again you are conscious of the care with which the figures are grouped, of the study that has gone to the color scheme, the green of the railing repeated in the shutters that help to frame in the composition, reëchoed in the velvet round one woman's neck, and the parasol held in the other's arms, while the blue necktie of the man hovering in the background is the one vivid contrasting note that brings the whole harmony together. By sheer beauty of paint, the most hideous fashions that women ever martyred themselves to follow are made beautiful. Above all, the three figures have the life, the spirit, that animates the people on the canvases of Velasquez or Hals or Rembrandt. It is almost incredible to me that when I first saw this Manet in the Luxembourg I thought it savored of eccentricity; as I see it now in Brooklyn, it has become an academic in the right sense, as true an Old Master as the Olympe in the Louvre. The examples of Monet are not so well chosen. The Cathedral is not among the best of his Rouen series, the Church at Vétheuil alone could not justify his fame as leader of the Impressionists. Neither can compare with the Red Roofs by Pissarro, painted before he became a slave to his own Pointillisme, a simple impression of a red-roofed town rising behind a line of tall slim trees, the homeliness of the theme glorified by charm of color and elegance of design. Renoir is in his most sober mood, his large portrait notable chiefly for his bravery in tackling on so large a scale the terrible black bunched-up, wide-flowing gown of the seventies, his little blossom-strewn Chapuy not yet illumined by the dazzling light that later flooded his landscapes. Sisley is as he appeared for many years on the walls of the new Salon. Cézanne and Gauguin are at their sanest, absolutely nothing in their landscapes to suggest the arch-rebels upon whom the would-be anarchists of to-day lay the burden of their own indiscretions. Cézanne was concerned with nothing more defiant than the tender gradation of light beyond the low line of hills and the amusing crisscross pattern of roads and paths on nearer slopes and the splendor of a space of blue water under blue sky, when he painted L'Estaque, a Village near Marseilles. Gauguin saw only its gray peace when he put down his impressions of a quiet corner in Brittany, though his Frieze is worked out with the primitiveness his disciples demand of him.

But the Impressionists and their followers were not the only painters of distinction and influence during the last fifty years, a fact which the collection, small as it is, would not let us forget if we wanted to. For here is Puvis de Chavannes, the greatest of modern mural decorators, and his study for one of the Ste. Géneviève panels in the Pantheon is not too small to reveal the feeling for structural lines, the sense of the value of simplification in form and color, the respect for architectural restrictions, that are the reason of his greatness. Nor does his serene and lovely Hope show less clearly that fine drawing and good craftsmanship need not be sacrificed by the really great painter to sentiment and anecdote: a curious contrast to the Hope wasting away from mystic anæmia by the English Watts. Here, too, is Besnard, with two panels splendid in color, large in design, another great decorator, if in a very different way. And here is Carrière, despite his mannerisms, a master in a portrait like the Alphonse Daudet with his Daughter; and Fantin, who cannot be passed over, though he did finer work in his early period than his portrait of his wife; and Harpignies, who carried on, in grandiose proportions, the tradition of Barbizon; and De Neuville and Detaille, legitimate successors of Vernet and Raffet; and Gustave Moreau, overweighted with symbolism as any English Pre-Raphaelite, leading the way to the Rosicrucian outburst of the nineties; and Degas, not seen to the best advantage; and Toulouse-Lantrec, awaking many memories of the poster in its glory; and Rodin and Bartholomé, whose little bronzes recall the impetus to sculpture during the same period.

The contemporary series is less important; a long list of the absent might be given. But no doubt, for this series, the French Government could not select, but had to take what it could get. Besnard and Roll are links with the past, figuring with both groups, Besnard less well here, where he is represented by the work he did in India during later years. Maurice Denis is the link with the present, and if I except a couple of examples of Vuillard and Vallotton, his panels are alone in recalling the fact that there have been younger men since the Impressionists to rebel and to think, though others may not agree with them, their rebellion of equal importance. He has been able to throw off the shackles of convention without throwing all tradition to the winds. He understands how to simplify the forms of his bathers and tennis-players, how to arrange his spaces of flat color, how to leave out the unessential without rushing to the extremes of Matisse or Piccasso, and he would be an excellent

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model for the ambitious but untrained young American genius who is covering our public walls with "murals." The other works are not so typical of movements as of the two Salons themselves. But of the scope and achievement of the Salons, as of the experiments and performances of the Independents who disdain them, it has been impossible under the circumstances to give an adequate idea.

The Belgian collection is tragically limited in number. Fortunately, it includes work of two such distinguished Belgian artists as Baertsoen, whose large Mining Country under Snow, Liège, is characteristic. and Van Rysselberghe, whose two studies of the Garden of the Generalife are brilliant, but more modest in scale than his usual exhibition pictures. The Museum has added its own bronzes of Meunier's Dock Laborers and Harvesters.

To complete its enterprise, the French Government sent with the pictures and sculpture old tapestries, Savonnerie rugs, Sèvres porcelain, trusting treasures from the Mobilier National to the untrustworthy sea. It may have the satisfaction of knowing that every honor has been shown to the collection. Too much praise cannot be given to the arrangement of the exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. The pictures are admirably hung, well spaced, well balanced, and the grayish white walls make as admirable a background. It is to be hoped that the exhibition will pass on to other galleries because of its educational value, and that, wherever it does go, it will be arranged as in Brooklyn. N. N.

Drama

Pinero's Social Plays

The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

THIS handsome definitive edition of the principal social plays of Arthur Wing Pinero will be indispensable to every well-selected modern dramatic library. It is to be completed in four volumes, of which this, the first, contains "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," accompanied by a general biographical introduction and critical prefaces by the editor, Clayton Hamilton. Of the plays themselves no analysis or description is necessary. They have long been regarded, by common consent, as two of the most notable achievements of, perhaps, the most famous English dramatist of his time.

The prefaces by Mr. Hamilton are cleverly written with an enthusiastic appreciation, which does full justice and, possibly, a little more than justice, to his subject. Of the outstanding ability of Pinero—to avoid the much-abused word "genius"—or of the prominent part that he has played in improving the artistic and technical standards of the modern drama, in some but not all of its imaginable phases, there can be no question. What he has done, he has, in several instances, done superlatively well. In his own sphere he may be *primus inter pares*, but the proclamation of him as the practical creator of the modern theatre carries more than a savor of extravagance. He has always been more of a developer than an innovator, and, as Mr. Hamilton himself confesses, a specialist on restricted lines. In all his serious works he has shown himself, above all, the theatrical expert and the cynical man of the world. In his comic pieces he is often much more unaffectedly human. His most devoted admirer, if challenged, would find it difficult to name any production of his which in originality or largeness of conception, breadth of scope or fundamental truth, could justly be called great. He can depict vividly the workings of base and violent passion, but not the profounder and more stirring emotions. It is only in his portrayal of recognized types that he is an absolute realist; the conduct of his less common characters is apt to be more in accordance with the necessities of the theatrical scheme than with the probabilities of circumstance. But his technical workmanship, at its best, is of extraordinary neatness and finish, his expedients are employed with beguiling plausibility and a mass of artful contributive detail. He is a master, not only of every stage trick, but of felicitous dialogue, a trifle artificial at times, but generally concise, epigrammatic, and witty, and not infrequently eloquent. He has much of the constructive dexterity of Scribe or Sardou, while he is an adept in the art of distributing an animated conversation between a group of contrasted characters without any confusion of individual identities. As an executant his artistry is seldom at fault, but his studies of life, however brilliant superficially, are too often founded upon specially invented and unstable premises to be accepted as transcripts from the inexhaustible book of nature.

Pinero himself, as Mr. Hamilton notes, honestly admits that Tom Robertson was more of a pioneer than he, and it is certain that Robertson, lesser man as he was in almost every respect—and in spite of his teacup sentimentality—tapped the well-springs of Nature more successfully than his illustrious successor. This was, probably, the true secret of his triumph. The amazing cleverness of Pinero excites admiration and interest, but very seldom touches the heart. It elates or thrills, but rarely convinces. Herein lies the essential weakness of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which Mr. Hamilton holds to be the author's masterpiece. On that point there may be legitimate differences of opinion. There is no gainsaying the excellence of its construction, the arresting quality of the dialogue, or the theatrical value of the incidents. But the story itself is utterly ignoble and far from probable. The free use of convenient coincidence is only partly concealed by the nicety of the dovetailing. From beginning to end the plot is artfully contrived to lead up to a central situation about which there can be no pretence of inevitability. The play is a brilliant theatrical composition, but not a "great drama." If any work of Pinero is entitled to this distinction, it is "The Thunderbolt."

The selection of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" as a companion to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in this volume is well made. The pieces, though differing in calibre, are not entirely dissimilar. In both the interest centres in the struggle of a woman to maintain herself against a society with which she is intellectually and morally at variance. The Bible-episode in the one serves the same purpose as the startling suicide in the other. Agnes is a more human and more subtle study than Paula, but in her case also the question of consistency arises. The play is less theatrically effective than the other, but is almost equally well written and well made. J. R. T.

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Finance

Financing the Railroads

IN last week's dispatches from Washington regarding the proposed 25 per cent. increase in railway freight and passenger rates, it was merely stated that such increase had been recommended to the Director-General by his "official advisers." It has, however, been believed for some time past that some advance in rates would be put in force by the Federal management, specifically to meet the largely increased charges due to higher cost of railway labor, railway fuel, and railway equipment. In so far as these increased working charges would leave a deficiency in railway revenues, below the average net receipts of the three years ending with June, 1917, the Government would have to foot the bill; for that average is guaranteed to each railway in the Government Control law, as compensation under the plan of public operation. In the estimates submitted to the Director-General, it is calculated that the total outlay for wages, fuel, and equipment will be $600,000,000 to $750,000,000 more in 1918 than it was in 1917. It is further estimated that a 25 per cent. advance in rates would produce $900,000,000 additional revenue; $700,000,000 from freight and $200,000,000 from passengers. The margin of 250 to 300 millions in favor of the revenue is assumed to be necessary because half of the present year will have elapsed before the higher rates could become effective.

The proposal as it stands seems so sweeping in its scope, and so lacking in any consideration of other factors, such as increased economy in operation under unified control, as to require very close scrutiny. Some advance in rates is undoubtedly inevitable, if the Government is not to be financially a heavy loser through its operation of the railways. But every element entering into the problem of net earnings ought to be studied and tested in connection with the proposed increase of rates. What becomes, for instance, of the very extensive saving in railway costs which both Government officials and railway managers have assured us would come with the elimination of competition and the operation of the transportation system as a whole? No allowance whatever appears to be made for this; yet it will certainly rise to a huge figure.

The announcement giving in detail the total of "capital expenditures approved" for the railways now under Government control, has several points of special interest. The total amount thus authorized for additions, extensions, improvement, and equipment, reaches the large sum of $937,961,318, and this was after eliminating as not immediately necessary $349,247,828 proposed by the railways. The authorized total sum is very large. It does not reach the average expenditure declared in 1906 by the late James J. Hill to be necessary to provide for the country's future needs, when he asserted that "a thousand million dollars a year for five years will scarcely suffice"; but it runs far beyond the total increase in railway stock and bond capitalization during recent years. In the four years from 1911 to 1914 inclusive, for instance, the aggregate increase was only $1,829,000,000, or a yearly average increase of barely $457,000,000, and in the last two years the capital expenditure has been even smaller. During the twelve months ending last June, the railway mileage in operation increased, according to the Interstate Commission's figures, only 900 miles, whereas 5,000 and 6,000 miles had been added annually in the period from 1903 to 1907. Net increase of freight cars in commission has been almost negligible in recent years; only one-fourth as many were bought in 1917 as in 1906, and less than half as many new locomotives.

The results of all this curtailment of expenditure on track and equipment we saw in the almost complete congestion of the immensely increased traffic of last winter. It is clearly now the position of the Government that urgent public necessity, even the efficient conduct of the war, requires the immediate return to maximum normal outlay for such purposes. It is not wholly correct to describe this $937,000,000 authorized expenditure as a loan by the Government. The railways are to issue their own new securities for the purpose, and the Government may buy the securities; but the President is permitted by the law thereafter to "sell such securities, whenever in his judgment it is desirable, at not less than the cost thereof." Furthermore, although such purchases would be made in part from the $500,000,000 fund appropriated for that and similar purposes from the public funds, the Treasury is also directed to use "any funds available from any operating income of said carriers." In other words, at least a considerable part of the new expenditure on roadbed and equipment will be met out of existing surplus revenues. There will be little or no criticism of the policy adopted or the amount involved; it is part of the guarantee against recurrence of last winter's conditions in the transportation of food, fuel, and raw material of industry.

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Other Bonds and Securities		570,785.50
Due from Banks	$1,695,108.42	
Due from Federal Reserve Bank, Cash and Exchanges	9,888,963.79	11,584,072.21
Customers' Guarantees		1,979,733.84
		$53,619,680.97

LIABILITIES

Capital and Surplus		$5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits		466,926.62
Unearned Discount		360,654.31
Circulation		1,021,700.00
Due Federal Reserve Bank		650,000.00
Deposits:		
U. S. Government	$6,203,100.00	
Banks	3,382,970.72	
Individuals	34,446,635.95	44,032,706.67
Letters of Credit and Acceptances		2,087,693.37
		$53,619,680.97

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AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS—MAY 10th, 1918.

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U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	4,430,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness to secure U. S. Deposits	22,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness on hand	11,169,200.00
Other Bonds to secure Postal Savings Deposits	1,989,333.33
Other Bonds and Securities	9,921,079.63
Banking House	2,351,154.35
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	26,273,072.62
Exchanges for Clearing House	14,453,346.84
Cash and due from Banks	2,721,269.98
Due from U. S. Treasurer	408,990.00
Customers' Liability Account of Acceptances and Letters of Credit	6,932,410.64
Interest earned but not collected	270,624.30
	$253,195,388.09

LIABILITIES

Capital		$5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits		17,519,995.87
Discount Collected but not earned		1,230,062.10
Reserved for Taxes and Interest		152,832.95
Circulation		4,407,600.00
Acceptances and Letters of Credit		7,034,042.66
Rediscounts and Acceptances endorsed		23,570,191.55
Deposits:		
Banks	$80,788,695.67	
Individuals	90,499,342.59	
U. S. Gov't	22,992,624.70	194,280,662.96
		$253,195,388.09

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Loveman, R. Sonnets of the Strife. Boston: Cornhill. $1.
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Archer, W. India and the Future. Knopf. $3 net.
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Gray, A. H. As Tommy Sees Us. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
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Summary of the News

POLITICAL news this week completely overshadows in importance any military news from the western front, and events in Ireland, Russia, Japan, and China claim equal attention with the statement made by Great Britain's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Arthur Balfour, that "if any representative of any belligerent country desires seriously to lay before us any proposals of peace, we are ready to listen to them."

PEACE proposals and possibilities are not, then, entirely without a basis of reality, if these words of Mr. Balfour are to be taken seriously. In the House of Commons on May 16 he declared that the British Government desired an honorable termination of the war, but that the German Government had not contemplated what "we should regard as a reasonable peace." In response to questions from pacifist members of Parliament and advocates of peace by negotiation, the topic of the proposals made by Emperor Charles of Austria through his brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus, was thoroughly discussed. Mr. Balfour explained in answer to further questions why the Emperor's proposals were not communicated to President Wilson, that permission to communicate the Emperor's letter had extended only to the President and Premier of France and the Sovereign and Premier of Great Britain. Ex-Premier Asquith added that, while there could not be any retraction, so there should not be any extension of the purposes for which Great Britain was prosecuting the war.

IRELAND has once more become the scene of wholesale arrests. On Friday, May 17, 500 persons, including many noted Sinn Fein leaders, were arrested in Dublin, Belfast, and other places, following a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland stating that "certain subjects of his Majesty, the King, domiciled in Ireland, have conspired to enter and have entered into treasonable communication with the German enemy." Among those seized were Edward de Valera, president of the Sinn Fein and a member of Parliament; Arthur Griffith, founder of the Sinn Fein; Dr. Thomas Dillon, the Countess Markievicz, Count Plunkett, and all the Sinn Fein members of Parliament. Plainly, England is again going to use the policy of the iron hand in dealing with Ireland, instead of the policy of conciliation advocated by John Dillon, Nationalist leader in the House of Commons. At a meeting in Dublin on May 16, the day before these drastic measures were taken, forty-five members of the Irish party made an appeal to America, stating that the Home Rule bill planned was deceptious and charging that the British Government had no intention of producing it, but used their promises merely to get conscription passed.

JAPAN and China have concluded a new treaty for a defensive alliance, for the duration of the war, apparently intended to provide against Bolshevist danger in Manchuria, and probably directed against possible German advances into Siberia. It is not stated that the United States and the other Allies were consulted, although it is probable that they were aware of the negotiations that apparently mark the beginning of a far-reaching policy in Asiatic Russia. The attitude of this country on Japanese intervention remains unchanged.

RUSSIA is falling under the economic domination of the Central Powers, and fear is expressed among the Allies that this hold will not be loosened unless measures to counteract Germany's influence are taken at once. The United States is planning to send a mission, as soon as practicable, to Russia to learn her needs, help rebuild her railroads, and supply material for reconstruction.

THE long pending renewed blow by the Germans on the western front has not been delivered at this writing, when nearly two months have passed since the initial offensive. During this ninth week incessant raids on the French front have continued, while the British have checked German attacks on the Somme. The French took Hill 44, north of Kemmel, by storm, and the Australians on the Somme captured the town of Ville-sur-Ancre and the neighboring territory. By a series of small advances the British have improved their positions in preparation for the coming German drive that is expected on this front almost immediately.

AMERICAN forces now being brigaded with French and British units on the western front are to be turned over to Gen. Pershing's command whenever American troops predominate in the brigaded divisions. The American fighting command would thus be increased, while unity and concerted action among the co-belligerents would be achieved; and the training of American troops would be hastened by surrounding them with veterans familiar with actual battle conditions. To emphasize the completeness of the unity of command accomplished by the Allies it is only necessary to add that Gen. Foch now commands the Italian forces in Italy as well as in France.

THE closer alliance between Germany and Austria reported to have been established at the recent conference between Emperors William and Charles is stated to have turned on three points: (1.) The duration of the alliance is to be for twenty-five years. (2.) The military obligations between Germany and Austria are to be much stricter than in the preceding treaty. (3.) The economic relations are to be so regulated as to benefit the Central Powers even more than at present.

ITALY reports violent artillery duels and patrol activity along the mountain front and in the Piave Valley. Monte Corno, captured by the Italians on May 9, has been approached by the enemy repeatedly in their attempt to reopen a line of advance through the Val Arsa, but the Italian batteries have repelled all their efforts. Meanwhile it is believed that a great enemy invasion is planned, with Milan and Brescia as the chief objectives, in a scheme to crush the Italian army. Among Italy's naval achievements of the week must be noted the sinking of an Austrian battleship by torpedo in Pola harbor by Italian naval forces.

MESOPOTAMIA has been the scene of varied military operations. The British, advancing beyond Bagdad towards Mosul, covered sixty miles in two weeks, driving the Turks before them towards their base at that point. As the general idea of the protection of India has been one of the main objects of the British in their Mesopotamian campaign, the immediate object now is to cut off the so-called Hamburg-Bagdad railroad, whose present terminus is at Nesibin, 110 miles from Mosul.

THE Senate inquiry in the aircraft controversy has been considerably modified. President Wilson, in a letter to Senator Martin, Democratic leader in the Senate, has declared himself opposed to the passage of the Chamberlain resolution demanding an investigation of aircraft and other war activities. The passage of this resolution, the President declared, would be regarded by him "as a direct vote of want of confidence in the Administration" and "an attempt to take over the conduct of the war." The Senate committee to which the Chamberlain resolution had been referred thereupon modified it so as to limit the investigation, and added a proviso disclaiming any authorization of the Military Affairs Committee to "superintend the executive branch of the Government." The President has since then asked Mr. Charles E. Hughes, his former rival for the Presidency, to associate himself with the Attorney-General in investigating the aircraft charges made by Mr. Gutzon Borglum.

THE Overman bill, as it came from the Senate, was passed by the House by a vote of 295 to 2, and signed by the President on May 20. This measure confers on the President authority to bring about more complete coördination in the executive departments during the conduct of the war.

FINANCIAL news of the week includes several important items. Semi-annual interest on the Second Liberty Loan bonds, floated last October, fell due on May 15. As there are approximately $3,808,000,000 of these bonds outstanding, the Treasury will have to pay out about $76,175,000 for the half-yearly interest. Interest on "conversion 4s," bonds received in exchange for the earlier 3½ per cents, will fall due on June 15. War loans of $200,000,000 to Great Britain, $100,000,000 to France, and $100,000,000 to Italy were authorized on May 14 by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Total loans to Great Britain now amount to $2,995,000,000, to France $1,665,000,000, and to Italy $650,000,000, making the total loans to all the Allies $5,763,850,000.

SHIPBUILDING in record time was achieved when the collier Tuckahoe, built by the New York Shipbuilding Company of Camden, New Jersey, was turned over to the United States Shipping Board thirty-seven days after the keel was laid. The Tuckahoe is a steel ship of 5,548 tons deadweight. At the same time the 7,500-ton concrete steamer Faith, the first of its kind and size constructed in the United States, made a successful trial trip off San Francisco, and will at once begin to take on cargo for her initial trip.

AIR mail service, for the first time in the history of the world, was regularly inaugurated between Washington, Philaphia, and New York on May 15. Of the four airplanes that started from Washington, three delivered the mail entrusted to their care on time. Mail from New York reached Washington in 3 hours and 20 minutes.

FOOD shortage is in many countries approaching the starvation stage. Food Administrator Hoover reported to President Wilson on May 16 that, owing to the fact that ships supplying relief must now be diverted to carry large numbers of troops to France, Belgium is starving. In Russia and Finland, too, famine conditions prevail in parts of the country.

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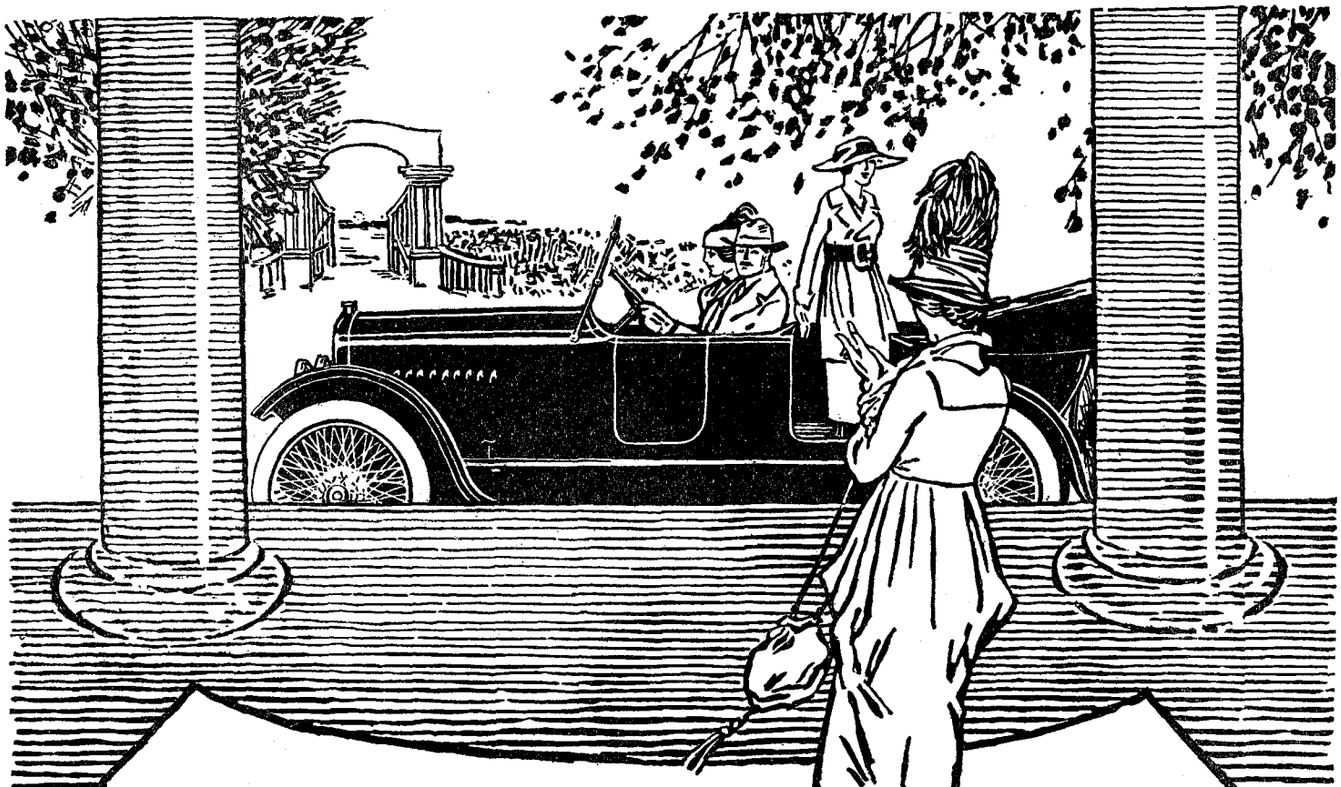

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"The Unwilling Vestal" reached its third edition within six weeks of publication.

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